

The Nation

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MAR 7

EDITORIAL

THE ODD COUPLE

SCENE: A cell in a federal prison. MANUEL NORIEGA is sprawled in a recliner, watching CNN. Cell door opens. Enter SADDAM HUSSEIN, handcuffed, with GUARD, who removes handcuffs and leaves.

NORIEGA: *Saludos*, roomie. It ain't a palace, but it's comfortable. Hey, I got cable TV. Peter Arnett was just on from Baghdad. He's fighting extradition. Charged with broadcasting propaganda for the enemy. Sit, sit. The F.B.I.'s hooked up a simultaneous translation device to the bug in my cell, so we can talk. Put on those earphones. Just like the U.N. Sorry, I know that's touchy. Hey, the Security Council didn't do me any favors either when Uncle Sam invaded my country. A word of advice—get a good lawyer. I hear this guy who got von Bülow off is a shark. So—how you going to plead? [SADDAM shrugs]

Don't be so down, amigo! Think of the TV and book deals. I know they've laid a heavy rap on you—genocide, assassination, torture, aggression . . . I got it! We can subpoena Reagan and Bush as unindicted co-conspirators. Who was there when they needed someone to stand up to Ortega and Khomeini? Old Pineapple Face and Saddam Hitler. What a coalition!

When you gassed those Kurds, what did they do? *Nada*. A billion dollars they gave you in commodity credits—that's a lot of Rice Krispies. Who reflagged Kuwaiti tankers to haul your oil exports after Iran threatened to sink them? Whose coalition allies sold you planes and weapons? Who licensed sales of computers for your war effort? Who told you in July that they wouldn't intervene when you were hassling Kuwait? Who bombed your civilians and retreating troops in the war?

I'll tell you: the same people who want to try you for war crimes. Take my advice, amigo. Plead innocent by reason of U.S. insanity.

PALESTINIANS
IN KUWAIT
Virginia N.
Sherry

QUICK WARS,
QUICK FIXES
Steve Tesich

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Weissman

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MAKING THE
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GULF MIGRANT LABOR

WORKING IN VIRTUAL SLAVERY

DENIS MACSHANE

American soldiers in Saudi Arabia who bother to buy any of the local newspapers will be puzzled by advertisements that look suspiciously like the "wanted" notices issued by police forces throughout the world. There is a smudgy photo of a person, followed by his height, age, nationality and passport number. Those who read Arabic will discover that these are indeed "wanted" notices—for workers who have left their employer without permission. They are published as a warning to any other employer not to hire the runaway but instead to send him back to his original master.

For many workers in the Persian Gulf—and it does not matter a bit whether they work in the republic of the arch-enemy Saddam or the kingdom of the arch-ally Fahd—conditions are not much different from those endured by American slaves in the nineteenth century. Most of the migrant workers in the gulf are bound to a single master without civic rights and with no possibility of changing their job or of protesting against working conditions. Many receive wages as low as \$30 a month.

The inhabitants of the gulf region are usually classified as Arab (an ethnic classification) or Muslim (a religious category). Rarely, if ever, are they listed as workers (professional, semiskilled or unskilled), by gender or by nation of origin. If any of the last three classifications is used it paints a very different picture of the gulf's economy and of social tensions within the gulf

(Cont. on p. 342)



LETTERS.

CUT ON THE BIAS

New York City

I am amazed at *The Nation's* choice of Elias Vlanton to review my book *The Polk Conspiracy* ["A Murder and Its Meaning," Jan. 28]. It was Vlanton himself who pointed out to me his conflict of interest regarding this subject. I called the Greek-American writer and historian several years ago when I was beginning research into the Polk case, for Vlanton was then employed by a Greek-American information and cultural service. "I can't talk to you," Vlanton informed me, "as I have been working on my own book about Polk since 1977." I regret he did not express similar scruples when it came to reviewing my book.

It is perhaps not surprising that *The Nation* did not get an unbiased review from this quarter. I will not deal with Vlanton's many unfair and inaccurate statements regarding *The Polk Conspiracy*, except on one point. My source for the details of Gregory Staktopoulos's life was Gregory Staktopoulos himself. All other material in the book is based on hundreds of interviews and thousands of heretofore unpublished documents, which I am now happy to share with Vlanton and other researchers interested in the case.

Kati Marton

VLANTON REPLIES

Takoma Park, Md.

It doesn't matter how many interviews Kati Marton conducted or how many documents she collected. What does matter—and this is the source of my quarrel with her book—is how she interpreted and presented the information she gathered. In my view she failed to subject her data to careful analysis and her arguments to basic logic. She invented narrative and dialogue to suit the needs of her story and all too often she just plain got the facts wrong.

Two of her errors regarding Staktopoulos's life—the year he was transferred from police custody to prison and the year he was freed—are matters of public record and known to anyone familiar with the case. I caught the other four errors by comparing her text with the trial transcript and, most important, with Staktopoulos's autobiography, in Greek, both of which Marton lists as sources. Marton's willingness now to make her evidence available is appreciated but comes too late for my review. Twice as I was writing, I asked to look at her material but was told it was unavailable.

As to the suitability of my reviewing *The Polk Conspiracy*: I am working on a book about the case, but since I have not finished the manuscript and do not have a publisher, it is hard to see any conflict of interest. The only "interest" of relevance here is finding out who killed Polk, why he was killed and why the press allowed a cover-up. Since I have researched those issues for more than a decade, it seems foolish to argue that I should be disqualified from reviewing Marton's book.

Elias Vlanton

'TO SERVE YOUR CAPTIVES' NEED'

South Hadley, Mass.

Ann Crittenden's "Nations Are Like Children" [Feb. 4] relies on a deeply offensive metaphor from a hallowed colonial tradition. In questioning gender stereotypes, Crittenden employs another stereotype: the colonizer as benevolent parent and the colonized as wayward child. Although she suggests that the war in the gulf could have been avoided if policy-makers had learned from progressive, largely female, child raisers, she does not treat all nations equally as children, or as parents. In all her examples, the United States is the parent (albeit unenlightened) and Iraq is the infant (potentially more responsive to less harsh punishment). Many political judgments can be made of Saddam Hussein—that he is a repressive dictator, a nationalist, morally reprehensible and/or economically desperate. But what are the implications of casting an Arab leader as a child in need of George Bush's enlightened parental discipline (a metaphor insultingly extended to "the Arab psyche")?

How far does the parent/child paradigm take us toward understanding the complex historical context of this conflict and in proposing a viable political alternative? At least as far as a famous British poem written in 1899 urging the United States to annex the Philippines in the aftermath of the Spanish-American War, another "splendid little war." In "The White Man's Burden," Rudyard Kipling characterized colonized people as "half devil and half child" and advised practicing a benevolent discipline worthy of a Penelope Leach. Crittenden's utopian maternalism—how to get Arab children to do what "we" want without hurting their feelings—was anticipated by Kipling's paternalism a century ago.

Thus, to answer Crittenden's final question, "Is it pathetically naïve to hope . . . that the world will not succumb so easily to war when women's voices are finally and fully heard?" Yes, if voices like hers offer no better alternative to the current destruction than taking up the white woman's burden.

Amy Kaplan

CRITTENDEN REPLIES

Washington

I am afraid Amy Kaplan has misunderstood, and misrepresented, my article on nursery geopolitics, the basic point of which—that violence solves nothing and that wise parents learn this lesson if they learn anything—applies universally and certainly to Saddam Hussein. Since *The Nation* is an American magazine with an overwhelmingly American readership my remarks focused on alternative U.S. responses to Saddam's actions. Be assured that if I had an opportunity to address the Iraqi body politic I would be happy to suggest that their leadership could practice a more "benevolent discipline," to use Kaplan's phrase.

Beyond that, her letter raises an interesting point. The gulf war does have some elements

of the colonizer as parent and colonized as wayward child. Former colonies do display some of the characteristics of the rebellious child: resentment, wounded pride, resistance even at great cost to themselves. And onetime colonial powers do demonstrate characteristics of bullying parents who have been defied: shock, outrage, the impulse to punish and slap down (How dare they!). One could see this in the U.S. conflicts with Nicaragua, Grenada and Panama. Again, I believe that experience in resolving domestic quarrels can be extremely useful when applied to international disputes, especially when these emotions are present. I admit it's a radical new idea.

Ann Crittenden

2.8 W.P.M.!

New York City

As publisher of *Saddam Hussein and the Crisis in the Gulf*, I was pleased to see that *The Nation*, some four months after the book's publication, reviewed it ["Saddam Who?" Feb. 25]. Unfortunately, in his zeal to excoriate one of the book's authors, Laurie Mylroie, for her past political positions on Iraq, Stephen R. Shalom managed to miss the point of the book: to give the American public a background on the man and the nation and to set the crisis against the backdrop of Iraqi political culture, imperial rivalry (hence the inclusion of a map called "inappropriate" by Shalom but which I would have thought essential—it shows the borders of the Arab countries of the Middle East as they were drawn by Britain and France after World War II), the politics of oil and messianic ambition. To do this the authors wrote 85,000 words in three weeks, and we put the book in every bookstore in America three weeks later.

The book cast doubt on the original rationale proffered by the Bush Administration to justify its response to the invasion of Kuwait—to prevent an Iraqi invasion of Saudi Arabia: "Neither the Central Intelligence Agency nor the Defense Intelligence Agency thought it probable that Iraq would invade Saudi Arabia." Further, the authors conclude by asking the tough questions: "Why . . . should cheap oil be one of the nation's 'vital interests'? On what basis and for which goals should America and the other industrial powers expect to form a consensus for intervention in the Gulf?" They criticize the President for playing Dirty Harry, for his confusing petroleum for principle. They characterize American involvement in the gulf as an adventure undertaken in the twilight of America's "short-lived empire." And they urge Americans to "abandon the myths about ourselves and our motives that have misled us so long so disastrously."

The book was written so that Americans might arrive at a sober judgment on the decision to go to war that was taken in their name.

Steve Wasserman

Times Books

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EDITORIALS.

A Famous Victory

For all the brutish buildup of forces, the merciless bombardment and the blitzkrieg invasion, little happened in the seven-month gulf war that was not entirely predictable from the start. The vaunted vagaries of war simply did not materialize. Bush was determined to crush Saddam's regime in Iraq and establish American dominance in the oilfields of the gulf, and no amount of diplomatic maneuvering, antiwar haranguing

or moral intervention would dissuade or stop him.

In August we wrote, "Each day . . . Bush ratchets up the Rambo rhetoric and closes more alleys of diplomatic escape. Even if Saddam Hussein wanted a peaceful solution, he would be hard put to find a negotiating partner in the Administration. For the fact is that Bush has now included the demilitarization of Iraq and, probably, the liquidation of Saddam as essential elements of the American mission in the Middle East."

And so at the end of February Bush was still at it. He brushed aside Iraqi, Iranian and Soviet "peace proposals," not because they were insufficient to yield peace but because

they were obstacles to the annihilation of the enemy. Even Saddam's abject order for retreat from Kuwait was not humiliation enough. Bush demanded that Iraqis get down on their knees and repent of their ways. This was total war, and it was clear that Bush came to believe the wild claims about the evil that was Saddam Hussein. A small, underdeveloped Third World country with an untrained and unprotected army of conscripts furnished with second-rate versions of mediocre weapons was transformed into a world-historical power in a league with the Axis of World War II. All of it was for the glory of George Bush and the monopolistic new world order he would lead.

The fighting phase of the war seems now to be over, or close to it. As the emirate was restored in Kuwait City, Bush still had to subdue elements of the Iraqi army in its own heartland (did anyone ask, Why are we in Iraq?) and figure out what to do with Saddam himself. There is no doubt, however, that the future of Iraq is as much a part of his strategic concerns as the future of Kuwait. Much longer political struggles will now begin, and it is there that Bush's smart weapons, clever tactics and assaultive propaganda will be less useful than they were in the heat of battle.

Certain lessons are already apparent. The first is that in the absence of a bipolar or multipolar system of superpowers, the monopoly of force is virtually unstoppable by diplomatic

threat or moral suasion. The Soviet Union might have impeded Bush's military drive last summer or fall if former Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze had staked out an independent position on the war around which lesser powers could gather. But Shevardnadze rushed so far into Secretary of State James Baker's embrace that only his shoes were showing, and no opposition was possible. When Gorbachev tried to mediate, he came in far too late with much too little.

Next, the utter inability of the peace and progressive movements to keep pace with the high velocity and totality of post-modern warfare and multimedia propaganda indicates the need for profound analytic and strategic re-education. The antiwar leadership based its hopes on the widespread worries among American elites about the long-term costs of war and the fears of ordinary folk that their children and neighbors would die by the thousands in the desert. As soon as it was evident that neither imperial collapse nor prohibitive mortality would result, the movement lost its punch. There were good-sized demonstrations but no real challenge to the war machine. The mass media's wholesale enlistment in the war effort made individual opposition practically useless. Future movement activists must find ways to deal with popular wars, i.e., those in which the benefits of imperialism to Americans seem to outweigh the deficits.

The third lesson derives from the first two: To stop the bully Bush and his successors from dominating any region of the world where whim or fancy leads, international countervailing forces must be found, developed and deployed. The United Nations would be a useful forum for setting limits, but in its present state of U.S. dominance, there's not much hope that the world body can play a powerful role. Better are regional or continental anti-imperial alliances that are able to act economically and politically, if not militarily.

There will be great need for action against the U.S. juggernaut now that it has routed Iraq. The Palestinians are next on the list for encirclement and perhaps worse. Then the freedom forces of South Africa had better look out. And Central America is still simmering. Cuba may be the next theater of operations; if the Tet offensive can be avenged in Iraq, why not the Bay of Pigs in its natural habitat? Bush's moment of victory is a time of enormous danger for those who would break free or stay safe outside the new world order.

Before We Forget

It is not necessary to be a graduate of West Point to understand that the systematic bombardment of Iraq, about 40,000 sorties to date, is in all probability reducing that country to rubble. The coalition denies this, claiming that the aerial bombardment is extremely precise. But this claim raises a question of simple logic: If the bombardment is so precise, then after weeks of ceaseless attacks there cannot remain anything worth destroying, or else if it is not sufficiently precise, then a massacre and massive destruction are taking place.

The obvious disproportion between the incredible violence of the attacks and the ridiculous weakness of the counterattacks evokes the destruction by an immense giant of a prostrate dwarf.

This is why it is urgent, at the very least, to pause and take the time to measure the damage both psychological and political, and, eventually, to start negotiations.

Cornelio Sommaruga, president of the International Red Cross, stated last Friday: "When the veil of censorship is lifted, all the horror and suffering inflicted on the peoples of the region, to the combatants and their families, will become known to the world. . . . The accumulation of a fearful destructive power makes probable irreversible devastation." I'm afraid Mr. Sommaruga is correct. Let's listen to him. We can be two hundred million strategists, but we must not be two hundred million swine.

—Claude Monnier
La Suisse, February 5, 1991

Purging Kuwait

Ammann 1970, Beirut 1982, Kuwait 1991: ominous words painted on a wall in Kuwait City, where an estimated 175,000 to 200,000 Palestinians await an uncertain future. Recent statements by Kuwait's government in exile have ignited fears about how Palestinians will be treated after the Iraqi ouster. "Some of the Palestinians did help and collaborated with Iraqi troops. Other nationalities did, too. When we go home, we shall check on the names of these people—Palestinians or not Palestinians—the Kuwaitis there know these people very well," said the Crown Prince, Sheik Saad al-Abdullah al-Sabah, in an inter-

view last month with Robert Fisk of *The Independent*. As Prime Minister, the Crown Prince will serve as military governor during the three months of martial law imposed by royal decree on February 26, as allied forces closed in on Kuwait City.

Interior Minister Sheik Salem Sabah al-Sabah had already announced on February 14 the formulation of "a comprehensive security plan" for the first three months after liberation. He termed the plan "in the interest of citizens both inside and outside Kuwait" and said that "the cleansing of Kuwait from the effects of war and from the fifth columns which would be ready to create confusion among the citizens will require some time before Kuwait can become an oasis of security as it was before." Citing the need to reorganize services and facilitate the return of some 500,000 to 600,000 Kuwaiti exiles, he suggested that the security plan will bar Kuwaitis from automatic re-entry to their country. "While the speedy return to the homeland is something sought by all, we must not ignore security aspects," he warned. The sealing of the borders for twelve weeks will also keep out vocal members of Kuwait's pro-democracy movement, which rejects the imposition of martial law without the restoration of Kuwait's elected Parliament, dissolved by the Emir in 1986. They view martial law as an extension of the power of the Sabahs and their control over Kuwait's lucrative reconstruction process.

Palestinians are apprehensive about the prospect of arbitrary arrests, or worse, by the Interior Ministry's state security department. "On what basis will the Kuwaitis clean up?" asked a West Bank resident whose uncle has lived in Kuwait since 1961, working in the Education Ministry. "How will they differentiate between people? This could mean mass deportations or unfair trials." According to the U.S. State Department, any long-term resident of Kuwait "may be summarily expelled without charge or judicial recourse if the authorities deem him a 'troublemaker' or 'security risk.'" Kuwait's state security court tries internal security cases; the State Department this year bluntly said that the court "did not meet international standards for fair trial."

Palestinian fears are deeply rooted in their past. "Our modern history includes the massacres at Deir Yassin, Duweimeh, Kufr Qassem, Telalza'tar, Karantina, Sabra, Shatila and Beita," said Naseer Aruri, political science professor at South-eastern Massachusetts University. Suleiman Najjab of the P.L.O. Executive Committee told me by telephone from Tunis, "We are demanding that our people in Kuwait be protected by the United Nations or by international forces so as not to have a repeat of Sabra and Shatila." The fears are further stoked by allegations in Kuwaiti exile communities that Palestinians collaborated with the Iraqi occupation forces. Two Palestinian suburbs of Kuwait City, Hawali and Nugrah, are said to have been spared the otherwise widespread looting and destruction by Iraqi soldiers. Kuwaitis report that armed Palestinian militiamen operated roadblocks for the Iraqis. The P.L.O. acknowledges that there was great pressure on Palestinians to join the Iraqi Popular Army in Kuwait, but it says they refused.

As the allied forces take control of Kuwait, a screening process—already in place—will be used to weed out Iraqi

agents or sympathizers from the rest of the civilian population, according to Maj. Frederick Phillips, a civil affairs specialist with the U.S. Third Armored Division. Phillips said that civilians considered to be security risks will be taken as prisoners of war. With Kuwaiti troops entering the beleaguered capital at presstime, Aruri stressed the importance of the U.S. role: "The U.S. government is particularly responsible for the safety of the Palestinians and other protected people in Kuwait. We recall with horror that American guarantees for the safety of Palestinian civilians were not implemented in Lebanon in 1982."

Sa'eb Erekat, political science professor at al-Najah University in Nablus, shut since January 1988, spoke with me on February 23 from the West Bank city of Jericho, which has been under twenty-four-hour curfew since February 17: "Palestinians have become easy targets, using the pretext of [our] support for Saddam." Erekat argued that the problems of Palestinians in Kuwait are linked to their plight elsewhere: "Here, 1.7 million people are under house arrest, our economy is devastated, crops are dying on the ground. There are 150,000 Palestinians in Iraq; every time there is a sortie you worry. Nine members of the al-Muhtaseb family of Hebron were killed in the bombing of the Ameriyya shelter on February 13—they had been going there every night since the war began. Two hundred thousand Palestinians are in Kuwait between the Iraqi and American guns. You can see the picture. And now the Kuwaitis are threatening to deport or massacre Palestinians after liberation. Three months ago, a friend who returned from Kuwait told me of graffiti that read: *Kill Palestinians before you kill Iraqis.*"

VIRGINIA N. SHERRY

Virginia N. Sherry is associate director of Middle East Watch, a part of the New York City-based Human Rights Watch.

★
**FRAGMENT OF TRANSCRIPT
 FROM NEGOTIATIONS WITH
 SADDAM HUSSEIN ON
 WITHDRAWAL FROM KUWAIT**

"You'll have to go."

*"The river with your stinking blood will flow as
 Islam brings you monumental woe, annihilating
 Allah's every foe with every fiendish torture
 apropos: We'll lop your heads off with a mighty
 blow, then chop you finer than a sloppy Joe!"*

"Is that a no?"

Calvin Trillin

BEAT THE DEVIL.

First the Bad News

Once upon a time, a year or so ago, optimists said that the cold war was over and that with the rationale for the "national security state" annulled by Soviet implosion, a new age would dawn: swords into plowshares, war dollars into peace dollars, arms factories into schoolhouses.

Realists said that the cold war, in application rather than rhetoric, had been about control of people, markets and resources in the Third World and that Soviet collapse would merely remove an inhibition on the triumphant superpower from imposing this control with even greater ruthlessness.

Optimists said that the collapse of Stalinist regimes would permit true socialism to flower. Realists said that capitalism did not care for negotiated withdrawals.

Optimists said that without its old and necessary foe the United States would finally have to address its real problems: a skewed economy, worsening distribution of income, wasted regions, poisoned soils, blighted lives.

Realists said America had always solved domestic crisis by foreign adventure, and it was only a matter of time before it found a new enemy, a new war.

Then a fellow called Saddam Hussein figured that the United States was signaling that it would be O.K. if he moved into Kuwait. What an optimist he turned out to be.

More Bad News

President Bush said on January 17 that this time it would not be like Vietnam and this time U.S. troops would not fight "with one hand tied behind their back." Most Americans seem to have approved of the sentiment.

But why did they think the war against the Vietnamese had been thus hobbled? After all, the United States killed 2 million Vietnamese, which doesn't suggest much tiresome restraint. It turns out that a good many Americans think that only some 100,000 Vietnamese got killed, which is like a German saying in 1962 that only 300,000 Jews were murdered in the death camps and that the Final Solution had been conducted *mit einer Hand hinter dem Rücken gebunden*.

This testimony to successful historical rewrite and the recuperative force of American sanctimony came in a survey conducted February 2 through 4, just over two weeks into the war, under the supervision of three academic researchers—Sut Jhally, Justin Lewis and Michael Morgan. Two hundred fifty people in the Denver metropolitan area, selected at random, were interviewed by telephone. The idea was to find out what sort of job television had done in communicating pertinent facts about the gulf war and its origins.

The answer, though the academic team doesn't quite see it that way, is that TV news did a tremendous job. After being drenched in gulf coverage for six months most people were pitifully ignorant of the facts. The more they watched the more ignorant they were.

The surveyors broke down their respondents' TV viewing into three groups: light (less than an hour and a half a night), medium (between an hour and a half and three hours) and heavy (more than three hours). Among the light viewers 16 per-

cent thought Kuwait was a democracy, 22 percent knew of the *intifada* and 40 percent were aware that Iraq's was not the only foreign occupation in the Middle East. Among the heavy viewers 32 percent thought Kuwait was a democracy, only 10 percent had heard of the *intifada* and 23 percent were aware of occupations other than Iraq's. To my surprise, 14 percent knew that the United States was among three nations in the U.N. that had voted against a call for a settlement to the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. Don't be downhearted. Almost as many, 12 percent, thought it was Iraq that voted against the resolution.

It was all as you might expect. A big majority, 74 percent, believed that the U.S. government had warned Iraq in advance of the invasion that it would impose sanctions, and almost as large a number thought their government had at that point vowed to support Kuwait with military force. Only 2 percent of the respondents could identify Kuwait's undercutting of the oil price as a reason for Iraq's attack.

When Saddam Hussein called for "linkage," two out of every three Americans—on the basis of this survey—scratched their heads and answered, "Linkage to what?" Fewer than a third were aware that Israel is illegally occupying the territories and part of Lebanon.

There was a direct correlation between knowledge and opposition to the war. The war supporters simply knew less. They were twice as likely to maintain that Kuwait was a democracy, less than half as likely to know that before August 2 the official U.S. posture to prospective Iraqi attack was See if we care. The only fact that war supporters were more aware of was the name of the Patriot missile.

The researchers conclude, high-mindedly enough, that "the news media have failed, quite dramatically, in their role as information providers. Despite months of coverage, most people do not know basic facts about the political situation in the Middle East, or about the recent history of U.S. policy towards Iraq."

I hope they don't believe this nonsense but just shoved it in as a sign of good will. Substitute the word "succeeded" for "failed" and the sentence makes sense. It's bad practice all the same to suggest to people, as outfits like Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting inevitably do, that it's only a matter of sticking a balancing liberal in the talk-show lineup and all will be well. FAIR even invokes "objectivity," a dangerous move, and shot through with vulgar empiricism in the bargain. "Objectivity" is one of their words, not ours. Start flailing around with it and pretty soon you are just a prawn in their game.

Bad News (cont.)

I've been riffling through old U.N. Security Council resolutions, wondering which one Bush will decide to enforce next. Try this one:

**Resolution 425 (1978)
of 19 March 1978**

*The Security Council,
Taking note of the letters from the Permanent Representative of Lebanon and from the Permanent Representative of Israel,*

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Having heard the statements of the Permanent Representatives of Lebanon and Israel,

Gravely concerned at the deterioration of the situation in the Middle East and its consequences to the maintenance of international peace,

Convinced that the present situation impedes the achievement of a just peace in the Middle East,

1. *Calls* for strict respect for the territorial integrity, sovereignty and political independence of Lebanon within its internationally recognized boundaries;

2. *Calls upon* Israel immediately to cease its military action against Lebanese territorial integrity and withdraw forthwith its forces from all Lebanese territory;

3. *Decides*, in the light of the request of the Government of Lebanon, to establish immediately under its authority a United Nations interim force for Southern Lebanon for the purpose of confirming the withdrawal of Israeli forces, restoring international peace and security and assisting the Government of Lebanon in ensuring the return of its effective authority in the area, the force to be composed of personnel drawn from Member States;

4. *Requests* the Secretary-General to report to the Council within twenty-four hours on the implementation of the present resolution.

For some unaccountable reason Israel failed to obey this injunction. But instead of bombing Jerusalem and Tel Aviv after six months, the United States played a cunning waiting game. Four years later there was Resolution 508 and not so long thereafter Resolution 509, as follows:

**Resolution 509 (1982)
of 6 June 1982**

The Security Council,

Recalling its resolutions 425 (1978) and 508 (1982),

Gravely concerned at the situation as described by the Secretary-General in his report to the Council,

Reaffirming the need for strict respect for the territorial integrity, sovereignty and political independence of Lebanon within its internationally recognized boundaries,

1. *Demands* that Israel withdraw all its military forces forthwith and unconditionally to the internationally recognized boundaries of Lebanon;

2. *Demands* that all parties observe strictly the terms of paragraph 1 of resolution 508 (1982) which called on them to cease immediately and simultaneously all military activities within Lebanon and across the Lebanese-Israeli border;

3. *Calls* on all parties to communicate to the Secretary-General their acceptance of the present resolution within twenty-four hours;

4. *Decides* to remain seized of the question.

This set a pretty urgent tempo. The U.S. government stayed right on top of the situation, and soon enough, only nine years later, on January 30, 1991, the Security Council was laying down the law again with Resolution 684, reiterating its strong support for the territorial integrity and sovereignty and independence of Lebanon within its internationally recognized boundaries.

Since Israel has been maintaining a security zone inside Lebanon six miles deep and fifty miles wide, not to mention the

occupation of the West Bank and Gaza and the annexation of East Jerusalem and the Golan Heights, we may expect a few deadlines from the White House soon. Trade embargo, including denial of medical supplies and essential foodstuffs, then lots of bombing, then ground invasion. It won't be long now. I wouldn't care to be in the madman Shamir's shoes. Wait till George Bush gets his hands on him!

Anyone interested in playing a few airs from the old Double Standard songbook should pick up Norman Finkelstein's "Israel & Iraq: A Case Study in Hypocrisy," in the Winter 1991 *New Politics*. Where can be found these words?

The boundaries of Near East countries were fixed largely by the Great Powers after the defeat of the Ottoman Empire in World War I. None of the current borders are sanctified by more than 70 years of history; lines were drawn arbitrarily and with little regard for economic or strategic necessity. . . . Many boundary lines . . . [were] fixed by Great Powers in the service of their own interests.

These come from an official Zionist publication of 1975, justifying the occupation of the West Bank, Gaza and Sinai.

Bad News in Its Finest Hour

Bush found it an "outrage" that Saddam claimed a victory as his troops headed pell-mell for home. I saw some commentary to the effect that conversion of humiliation into triumph was somehow an Arab trait.

The best-known example of a loss dressed up as something more palatable came with Dunkirk, when Britain shirked a fight with the Germans, deserted its French ally and fled for the Channel. On the beaches officers abandoned their men. French troops trying to escape were booted off ships. Churchill privately told Cabinet ministers that Dunkirk was "the greatest British military defeat for many centuries." Publicly the Ministry of Information said that "men of the undefeated British Expeditionary Force have been coming home from France. They have not come back in triumph. They have come back in glory." Hitler probably didn't have the bad taste to call this an outrage.

Dunkirk went down in British history as a peculiarly beautiful episode, with hardy Kentish fishermen hauling off the Tommies in their creels while Jerry strafed the sea. It was all rot. There were hardly any small boats. When the troops got to England they ran amok, and parts of the southeast had to be cordoned off. Then Churchill gave a speech in Parliament, on June 4, 1940, about fighting Jerry on the beaches. The BBC wanted him to broadcast it but he said he was too busy to come to the studio. So they got an actor to impersonate him, recruiting for this purpose Norman Shelley, whose normal line of work was playing Larry the Lamb in *Children's Hour*. Shelley read out the Finest Hour speech too. I've often wondered how a spot of whispered contrapuntal baa-ing would have gone down in those difficult days. Noisettes of lamb, very inspiring.



BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Indiscriminate Attacks

The eighteenth annual Conservative Political Action Conference began recently with a wish for a bang. At the opening press conference in the safe confines of a Washington hotel, Jeffrey Wright, head of Young Americans for Freedom, called for dropping a few "strategically placed" nuclear weapons and ending the war in a day. "I've fought for the last ten years to build these weapons," whined Wright, a 34-year-old California real estate investor who has never served in the military or the reserves. "Why are we not using these weapons?"

It took Newt Gingrich to dampen Wright's call for nuclear war: "We would not want to live in a world where we have sent a signal to every country on the planet to get nuclear weapons as fast as you can." But that's where Gingrich's supply of responsibility ran out. In the same speech the nasty House minority whip introduced his own twist on redbaiting. Look at Representative Bernie Sanders, the socialist from Vermont, Gingrich advised the crowd of right-wing activists. In the first three votes of the year, on procedural matters, every House Democrat voted the same way as the socialist. And on the next three votes, which concerned the Persian Gulf war, 179 Democrats opposed the use of force; so did Sanders. "There is not a single Congressional district," Gingrich exploded, "where Democrats can go back home and say with a straight face, 'I'm not one of them.'"

Gingrich was in a fit about the new composition of the House intelligence committee, which now includes four liberal Democrats but is chaired by moderate Dave McCurdy. Gingrich dwelt on this threat to national security to remind fellow conservatives that their real fight is not with President Bush or Administration figures who may be ideologically lax; it is with the Democrats who control Congress and keep Gingrich in the minority.

■ Having Your Mistake, and Blaming the Left Too

Gingrich probably expected catfighting of the type that normally occurs at the convention, but this year there was little of that. (A notable exception was Conservative Caucus chair Howard Phillips, who grumbled that the Bush Administration has "legitimated the Communist-controlled African National Congress.") Only a few months ago right-wingers enraged by Bush's retreat on taxes were loaded for bear. But war is a great silencer. Avoiding the sellout in the White House, they found other targets.

Phyllis Schlafly assaulted the Pentagon for aiding the "radical feminist" plan for the "destruction" of American society by assigning women to near-combat positions in the gulf. This "pro-family" activist also ranted against the proposed parental leave law, self-esteem courses in schools and drug education programs. The last of these, she claimed, often do not teach that drug use is wrong; they merely assist students in making their own decisions about drugs. The situation in the schools, she announced, is so dire that rightists no longer "need to press for prayer in school; now the need is to get the religion of New Age out of the public schools." Shortly after her

tirade Housing Secretary Jack Kemp pulled Schlafly off to the side and said, "We must talk. Call me."

Jeane Kirkpatrick lectured the crowd and finally answered the question, Why was she wrong about Communism? In the early days of Reagan, Kirkpatrick made a reputation by proposing that there is a qualitative difference between Communist "totalitarian" regimes and right-wing "authoritarian" ones. The distinction, she asserted, is that right-wing authoritarian governments (which often are amenable to U.S. interests) are more likely than Communist nations to move toward democracy. She didn't allow for change in the Communist world. But this error had nothing to do with her ideological zeal or career aims; it was the fault of the left. "One reason why we made that mistake," she explained, "is that our own left was telling us what the Communists were telling us . . . and we listened when they denounced our society. We never believed it, but because we listened for so long we began to underestimate the power of freedom." Kirkpatrick confessed she had spent too much time heeding the arguments of Jane Fonda and Susan Sontag that the United States is a "sick society that did not deserve to survive." Such talk, she added, "sapped the will" of conservatives and somehow blocked them from seeing the possibilities for reform. There are none so blind . . .

■ The Next Huston Plan

A highlight of the three-day affair came during a debate on the war between former Pentagon official Richard Perle and *National Review* senior editor Joseph Sobran. Sobran delivered a libertarian argument against the war. "Conservatives are thought of as opponents of activist government," he chided. "War is activist government, par excellence." Perle dished out the standard fare about strategic interests. More intriguing was the presence of Tom Huston as moderator. Huston, as a young aide in the Nixon White House, was the Oliver North of his day. In 1970 at the request of his boss, who was upset that U.S. intelligence could not find evidence of foreign control of the antiwar movement, Huston drew up a plan recommending the secret removal of restraints on the C.I.A., F.B.I. and other intelligence agencies so they could spy on Americans. Nixon approved the Huston Plan—which called for break-ins, mail openings and wiretaps—only to revoke it two weeks later. Nevertheless, the C.I.A. and F.B.I. were already engaged in and continued to conduct some of this activity.

Huston, now a lawyer in Indiana, asserted that opposition to the current war "is legitimate within the American political tradition." Not that Huston has undergone a change of heart. He declared it the "responsibility of every citizen" to distinguish between the critic who "quite honestly believes that the best interests of the country are being ill served by the course of the war and the opponent who . . . is anti-American." Who gets to decide? And on the basis of what information can judgment be rendered? Perhaps Bush will assign the task to a young go-getter on his staff.

Death and Taxes

EDWARD SOREL



ARTICLES.

■ QUICK WARS, QUICK FIXES

Breaking Away
From Ourselves

STEVE TESICH

The Holy Roman Empire, it's been said, was neither holy nor Roman nor an empire. By the same token, the New World Order of George Bush is neither new nor orderly nor concerned with the long-term welfare of the world. It is the same old world order reasserting itself in a violent way. Our motives for being engaged in the war in the Persian Gulf had as much to do with what we are fleeing as they do with the invasion of Kuwait.

We are fleeing, as we have for decades, from the unfulfilled pledge that we are one nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all. The hopeless despair of our millions, the Third World poverty in the heart of our cities, the resulting tidal wave of crime—this social rot at our very heart has become as dangerous as any nuclear waste dump. Lacking the resolve to confront those problems, we are fleeing from them in all directions: to the suburbs, to cities in other parts of the country, to other countries, to other wars.

But we have been doing this for a long time. The social diseases of racism, poverty, drug addiction and crime, never fully addressed, were allowed to fester and grow while we devoted our energies, lives and resources to containing communism.

And then came Vietnam. While the war raged over there, another one exploded over here. The Third World nation within our nation rose up, demanding to be included in our pledge. It was a pivotal moment in our history. It was the first time we were engaged in two wars. We lost both, and we learned nothing from our defeats.

The war in Vietnam and its outcome have, over a period of time, been reduced to one simple lesson: It was too long. The implicit assumption is that the lives lost, the napalm, the burning children, My Lai, our government lying to us—all of these and other horrors of that war would have been acceptable had they only taken less time.

This war in the gulf, we were reassured, would be a lot quicker. Polls suggested that a large majority of our population supported it—if it didn't last too long. The implications of that view are alarming. It seems to follow that if the wrong thing can be done quickly it becomes right, and if the right thing cannot be accomplished quickly it becomes wrong and should, therefore, be abandoned.

Our social problems cannot be solved in this way. Neither poverty nor the crime it breeds can be quickly blasted out of existence. Still, we tried the quick fix. Before he launched

the war in the gulf, George Bush launched the War on Crime. Remember that war? Already it seems long ago. There were other wars. A war on poverty. A war on drugs. The very names of those campaigns signify impatience and anticipation of quick results. The problems that took generations of neglect to create require the patient dedication of generations to undo, but we have become a nation that no longer has the will, the vision or the deep-seated conviction to measure its endeavors by generations. We not only want results in our lifetime, we want them next weekend. The false lesson of Vietnam has come back to haunt us. The social "wars" at home, we have now come to realize, can never be won quickly, and therefore we have abandoned them.

The Reagan social doctrine proclaimed that our identity as a nation lies not in how our most disadvantaged live but in the diverting spectacle of the affluent. For a whole decade we watched or participated in the greedy rampage of the rich. In their pursuit of hourly fixes of huge profits and overnight wealth, they plundered our resources and our financial institutions. They wreaked havoc on an already indebted nation and they pushed millions of hard-working men and women into poverty. They mocked the very work ethic we used to celebrate as one of our virtues. They traded in influence as if some of the most respected offices in our land were commodities to be bought and sold like pork bellies. These Wall Street warriors were applying the lesson of Vietnam. If quick, profitable victories can be achieved, they become right. What we must not forget, now that they've sent us the bill for their rampage, is that we considered them heroes at the time. We cheered them on as the very embodiment of what's right about our country.

During the 80s, in a very violent way, the rich got richer, and, in an even more violent way, the poor got poorer. Crime didn't just grow; it grew so vast that in many neighborhoods it became the only effective form of government, recruiting to its ranks more and more members from the despair and poverty of inner cities. Since we know that what would be required to solve this problem is a "war" much longer and much costlier than the war in Vietnam, we have abandoned it. We have even abandoned all efforts to contain it. As it spreads and as we flee from it, we'll go anywhere in search of the solace of quick victories in quick wars.

We have now become that most worrisome of superpowers: isolationists in regard to problems at home and interventionists in regard to the problems of other nations. It is a very disturbing combination. We have come to rely on external enemies for comfort and confirmation of our identity as a people. In our desperate flight from ourselves, we have gone a step further. We no longer merely look for enemies; we invest in their development. Neither Saddam Hussein nor Manuel Noriega, as despicable as these men are, achieved their full potential by themselves. We helped them along. We nurtured them.

Hafez al-Assad of Syria, our ally now, waits in the wings, the next Saddam. We'll need others. The loss of one huge and reliable enemy, the Soviet Union, will require the creation of many smaller enemies.

Steve Tesich is a playwright, screenwriter and novelist. His most recent play, Speed of Darkness, opens in New York on February 28.

The moment was there for Bush when Iraq invaded Kuwait. Saddam's invasion demanded a response, but the choice was ours. The sanctions were put in place; they could have worked. But sanctions required patience and deep-seated convictions, and patience is a virtue we no longer have or trust. We all want quick results now, from our corporate leaders, who have abandoned long-term investment in their enterprises for the sake of quick results during their term of office; to our political leaders, who behave in the same way; to the person in the street, whose hopes rise and fall with the results of state-sanctioned lotteries.

The speed with which Bush went from Desert Shield to Desert Storm suggests a moody and impatient President of a moody and impatient nation. It suggests that neither we as a people nor he as our President has strong beliefs. What we have now, all we have now, is temporary moods. How else to explain the incessant, daily and sometimes hourly updates measuring the mood of the nation and the mood of the President as the war went on? We're keeping an anxious eye on one another for signs of slippage. A policy and a people whose actions are motivated by longstanding, profound convictions would have no such anxiety. But neither the President nor the country can ever acquire those convictions if it is fleeing from itself for yet another temporary confirmation elsewhere, this time in the desert of Saudi Arabia.

As a result, the war raged on. We watched it on television, spellbound. It has brought out the worst in us. In the initial, uninterrupted, commercial-free coverage there was only one sponsor: war. Our TV anchors were pitching weapons, enthusiastically explaining their specifications, range and payloads, using computer graphics to demonstrate their virtues. The names of these weapons quickly achieved the jargon status of brand names. Technophiliacs were speaking to us, and in their orgy of delight in sophisticated hardware, war and violence became as banal as the regular programming that the war had replaced. And it served as a preview to various members of our coalition—to Assad and other like-minded consumers—of the weapons they will need if they want to become competitive participants in the next war in that region.

This banal acceptance of violence reached its apogee a few days into the war. President Bush appeared on television to warn the nation against premature euphoria. His presumption that the destruction and the violence that had been unleashed could actually induce euphoria seems to me the true definition of political pornography. What could have prompted this man we elected as our President to think us so lacking in basic human decency that we could actually experience euphoria over one of the most violent episodes in our recent history? Either he knows us all too well or he has slandered us as a people.

The temporary sense of unity we feel in our support for "our boys" will be short-lived. We must not forget that we have become a moody nation and that moods can change. But even if it does not change, the support we extend to our troops is not a true measure of the worth of a great country. That worth lies in the way we support all our boys and girls, all our children, all our people at home. Eventually, very soon I hope,

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"our boys" will return from abroad. And where then will we find our source of unity as a nation?

It can only be found if we try to realize the unfulfilled pledge to all of our people. We cannot keep fleeing from that pledge. We must disenchant ourselves of the notion that our destiny lies in the detours we take to avoid it. We must either redistribute and share the blessings of this land or those growing millions will share their violent despair with us and make the possibility of peace a memory.

In order to achieve that union we will need the patience of the tillers of the soil. We will need to recommit ourselves to the virtue of planting trees in whose shade we will never sit. If we are to have peace, all must share in it. All must bear the burdens and all must share the blessings of whatever we do. Then and only then will we have the strength, derived from moral authority, to be a powerful and respected voice in the affairs of the world. □

■ THE REAL PURPOSE OF GATT

Prelude to a New Colonialism

ROBERT WEISSMAN

For two months this winter, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) negotiations were broken off after a U.S.-European dispute over farm subsidies. Amid the confusion, U.S. observers agreed on one thing: The Third World was the clear loser. Government and media commentators alike assert that a new version of GATT, an international agreement that regulates more than 80 percent of world trade, among approximately 100 signatory countries, would spur development in Third World countries by giving them access to the markets of the industrialized countries.

The real objectives of the current round of GATT negotiations, however, are antithetical to development, and they have gone unmentioned. Led by the United States, which has consistently introduced the most far-reaching and radical proposals into the talks, the industrialized countries have attempted to lock in and further promote the deregulation of international trade that occurred in the 1980s [see Daphne Wysham, "Big Business Hijacks GATT," December 17, 1990]. More specifically, they have sought to encourage the Third World's growing export dependency and to tighten multinational corporations' control over Third World markets and resources.

At the prompting of internationally oriented companies and business groups such as American Express, Cargill Inc. and the Multilateral Trade Negotiations Coalition (the leading business lobby on GATT), the United States and other industrial countries have attempted to bring three new areas under the GATT rubric: intellectual property, services (in

fields ranging from finance to telecommunications to construction) and investments.

The proposed expansion of GATT, which has historically dealt only with trade in manufactured goods, threatens to undermine the ability of Third World countries to manage their economies and foster domestic industry. Appropriately, the Malaysia-based Third World Network, a nongovernmental organization, labels the industrialized countries' GATT proposals a means of "recolonization."

The industrialized countries are trying to gain Third World support for GATT by offering the South improved access to Northern markets in agricultural products and textiles. But even these purported concessions from the North are double-edged. "Benefits" will accrue only to developing countries that orient their economies to produce goods to meet foreign demand rather than domestic needs. In agriculture, this is likely to be associated with the creation of large plantations, intensified use of pesticides, displacement of peasants who produce for local consumption and clearing of rain forests.

The dubious benefits of improved access to Northern markets are far outweighed by what the developing countries will be forced to give up. In the past, GATT has acknowledged the special circumstances of developing countries and granted them exceptions from its rules. The "development principle," which exempts Third World countries from some tariff and other regulations to enable them to protect nascent industries, is now threatened by the aggressive initiatives from the industrialized countries.

Proposals from the industrialized countries in the area of intellectual property alone could foster a massive transfer of resources from the South to the North. The U.S. proposal calls for all countries to adopt and strictly enforce U.S.-style patent, copyright and trademark laws. It attempts to address claims by multinational corporations that they lose \$40 billion to \$60 billion each year to Third World "pirates" who counterfeit their goods and infringe on their patents. From the Third World perspective, however, the recovery of the multinationals' "losses" implies a huge transfer of income from the poor countries to the rich, even if the figure (estimated by the U.S. International Trade Commission on the basis of a survey of American business) is significantly inflated.

The U.S. proposal reflects the concerns of business groups like the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association and the Intellectual Property Committee (I.P.C.), a coalition of thirteen major companies, including I.B.M., Du Pont, General Electric, Merck and Company, and Pfizer. According to the I.P.C., this overlap of the U.S. government and private-sector positions is not a coincidence. The group claims that its "close relationship with the U.S. Trade Representative and [the Department of] Commerce has permitted the I.P.C. to shape the U.S. proposals and negotiating positions during the course of the negotiations."

One of the important objectives of the proposal is to extend patents to "all products and processes, which are new, useful and unobvious." This would allow the multinational food, chemical and pharmaceutical companies to gain control over much of the world's genetic resources, most of which are embedded in seeds and herbs in tropical Third World countries.

Robert Weissman is editor of Multinational Monitor.

Multinationals hope to gather information from the genetically rich Third World, manipulate it with rapidly evolving biotechnology expertise and then patent the new seeds, pharmaceuticals or other products. The Third World will receive nothing in the bargain, because under the proposed regulations naturally occurring organisms would not be patentable, though genetically altered ones would be. The genetic resources that are the components of the "new" products are not considered the province of the nation in which they occur (unlike minerals, for example) because Northern scientists have classified them as a universal common heritage.

The multinationals want more than just genetic resources from Third World countries. When corporations send botanists to the Third World to gather samples of plants, says Pat Mooney of the Rural Advancement Foundation International (RAFI), "they do not just collect plants, they collect the knowledge of local people; the botanists don't have the slightest idea" which plants are valuable until they are told. The botanists gather the plants that local farmers and herbalists have cultivated and bred and that the natives unsuspectingly report as useful to the multinationals' representatives.

This process is already under way, according to RAFI, since the United States and some other countries have extended patent coverage to genetically altered organisms. For example, a gene isolated from an African cowpea, when inserted into crops ranging from soybeans to maize, provides excellent resistance to insect pests. I.C. Industries and Pioneer Hi-Bred are now seeking licensing rights to insert the cowpea gene into their own patented varieties, and industry observers believe the gene will be worth hundreds of millions of dollars to its inventors. "The question is," RAFI asks, "who are the inventors? [The scientists] who isolated the gene? Or West African farmers who identified the value of the plant holding the gene and then developed and protected it?"

If the industrialized countries' patent proposals are implemented, RAFI's question will be answered. The scientists will be the legal owners of the gene. The farmers' contributions in identifying, cultivating and protecting plant varieties will not be patentable—since they did not sufficiently alter naturally occurring organisms—and they will receive nothing.

The industrialized countries' intellectual-property proposals make private-sector patents, many of which are based on Third World genetic resources, virtually sacrosanct. By requiring Third World countries to adopt U.S.-style patent laws, the industrialized countries would strengthen the monopoly power of multinational companies in high-technology fields such as pharmaceuticals and chemicals, drive up the prices of drugs and other products for Third World consumers and devastate fledgling Third World high-technology companies.

Last November Argentine pharmaceutical manufacturers placed an advertisement in newspapers across the United States to illustrate how GATT would drive up pharmaceutical prices for consumers in that country. The ad points out that an anti-arthritis drug that sells for \$170 in the United States costs only \$35 in Argentina. The difference in price is due to Argentina's more open patent laws, which enable companies to compete with the drug's patent holder, Pfizer. Were the U.S. intellectual-property proposal accepted, Argentine

companies would no longer be able to undersell Pfizer.

India's experience provides another example of how lenient patent laws have benefited Third World consumers and producers. In 1970 the country revised its patent law, which previously had guaranteed strict patent protection. The 1970 Indian Patents Act sought to encourage domestic production of patented inventions and insure that they were available at reasonable prices. The act allows patents for manufacturing processes only, not products. Thus a company not holding a patent is legally permitted to produce a patented good if the company develops a new process to create it. The 1970 act also provides that the Indian government may, three years after a patent is granted, require a company to license its patent to another company if the patent holder is not manufacturing its product in India and making it available at a reasonable price.

The Indian Patents Act has been extraordinarily successful, according to a paper by B.K. Keayla, the convener of the Indian National Working Group on Patent Laws. Keayla reports tremendous advances in the pharmaceutical area alone: Drug prices in India, among the highest in the world before the 1970 law, are now among the lowest; the Indian pharmaceutical industry has flourished because of the new patent system; and India is nearly self-sufficient in the production of bulk drugs. But the Indian success story would be wiped out by the industrialized countries' intellectual-property proposals, which specifically prohibit the key provisions of the 1970 act.

The consequences for the Third World of the other new areas of GATT will be no less severe. Responding to lobbying efforts by American Express and other service multinationals, the industrialized countries are pushing for free trade in services. Because services are not discrete items like manufactured goods, free trade in services means that service



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCES JETTER

companies must be free to operate in foreign countries.

Martin Khor Kok Peng, vice president of the Third World Network, says that if the Northern service proposals are adopted, "many of the service industries in the Third World will come under the direct control of the transnational service corporations within a few years. This would mean the eradication of almost the last sectors in the Third World which are still controlled by national companies."

The industrialized countries' service proposals even threaten Third World countries' cultural autonomy. "National treatment" clauses would require that foreign corporations receive the same treatment as national companies. Khor says that with a national treatment clause, "media companies . . . in the United States or Australia may be given the freedom to set up media companies or to buy out media companies in the Third World, including television and the print media, and therefore control the cultures of Third World countries."

The Northern countries' proposals on investments would preclude Third World countries from limiting foreign investment or requiring foreign investors to abide by special regulations. Measures designed to promote economic development and technology transfer, such as those prohibiting foreign investment in certain sectors, requiring investors to use local materials in the production process and mandating that foreign investors work in joint ventures with local companies, would be prohibited. This would seriously impair Third World development efforts.

Even a total breakdown of the GATT talks would have given Third World countries only a temporary reprieve, for the United States is pushing its GATT agenda in other forums. Under the "Special 301" section of the 1988 Trade Act, the Office of the U.S. Trade Representative is required to impose sanctions on countries that do not provide strong intellectual-property protection. The U.S.T.R. imposed sanctions against Brazil under Special 301 in 1988. In April 1990, it identified twenty-three countries with which it plans to negotiate over intellectual-property standards. If those countries do not show signs of "improvement," they will face the same type of sanctions as those imposed on Brazil.

Even more ominous, the Bush Administration is preparing to enter into free-trade negotiations with Mexico. It has also proposed a free-trade agreement for the entire Western Hemisphere. These agreements would go beyond even GATT in usurping Third World sovereignty and opening the economies of developing countries to multinational corporations.

The industrialized countries' free-trade initiative comes at a time of economic crisis for the South. Hoping that improved access to industrialized countries' markets will jump-start their ailing economies, many developing countries are acquiescing in Northern demands. The tragedy is that, in so doing, the Third World is participating in its own recolonization. □

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■ A HIGHLY IRREGULAR FORCE

Scandals of the State Militias

ED CONNOLLY

By executive order dated January 18, President Bush authorized the Secretary of Defense to mobilize up to 1 million soldiers in the Ready Reserve, which includes the Army National Guard. If large numbers of Guard units had been sent to the Persian Gulf, the Pentagon could have activated state militias to keep order at home. Under a little-known program, which was conceived in the Defense Department during the Reagan era and is jointly coordinated by the National Guard Bureau under the Department of the Army and by the Federal Emergency Management Agency, these militias would be used to suppress "civilian disorder," round up "subversives" and fight "terrorists." They would also perform domestic intelligence and counterintelligence functions.

So far twenty-four states have set up staff and cadre for defense forces, and several have attracted a motley group of neo-Nazis, survivalists, former mercenaries, militant anticommunists and violent felons. Since 1986 the governors or legislatures of at least three states have dismantled and reorganized their militias because they had become a threat to public safety. In two other states, the forces are literally out of the governor's control.

They have a variety of names, such as the Ohio Military Reserve, the New York Guard and the Michigan Emergency Volunteers, but all have been training for missions prescribed by Headquarters, Department of the Army. Frank Bray, who as chief of military support at the National Guard Bureau supervised the program until last April, when he became full-time director of the Guard's drug interdiction program, explained why the militias would be needed. "You always have in any society a subversive element or group of people who may be sympathetic to another cause," he said. "There's always a threat, potential terrorist threat, even during peacetime. The threat would probably increase upon [National Guard] mobilization to disrupt transportation, communications." In the event of a rapid mobilization of the Guard, "resulting in greater possibility of civil disturbances or terrorist activities," the state defense forces would be needed to maintain order.

In each participating state, the governor holds ultimate command responsibility, though according to a National Guard Bureau regulation issued by Army Headquarters, each defense force must "cooperate with federal military authorities and forces engaged in active military operations or charged with internal security missions within the State." Those internal security missions are defined as "all measures in peace and

Ed Connolly is a Palo Alto freelance writer who testified against funding the California State Military Reserve.

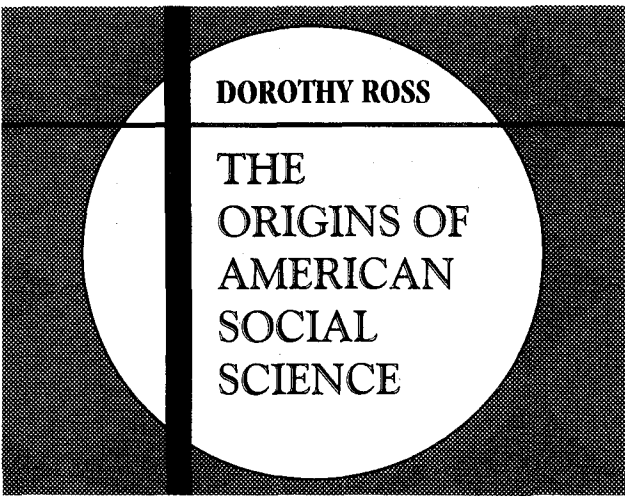
war, other than military operations, to prevent enemy-inspired action against State resources, industries and installations."

Currently, the skeleton staff of officers each of the states maintains will train and marshal troops if their units are activated. In California, this cadre has an authorized strength of up to 1,500 officers, but upon mobilization as many as 20,000 soldiers armed with automatic rifles would fill the ranks. Under existing laws, governors can conscript state citizens into their defense force to meet a declared emergency. However, Bray and state spokespersons expect that more than enough volunteers will enlist when the time comes. Already, some cadres have, by word of mouth and advertisements in paramilitary and survivalist magazines, signed up thousands of "inactive" supporters who stand ready for the call to arms. The extremists in several cadres have already caused trouble.

In 1987 Governor Norm Bangerter dismantled the Utah State Guard, purging all but thirty-one officers from a cadre that numbered almost 400, after investigators confirmed that members of the Aryan Nations had infiltrated that state defense force. Besides militant racists, the dismissed officers included convicted violent felons. According to *The Salt Lake Tribune*, law-enforcement officials determined that Utah State Guard officers trained white supremacists for combat at the Aryan Nations compound in Hayden Lake, Idaho; conducted commando exercises in the Utah desert with live ammunition and explosives; purchased a bogus police car with public funds; practiced assassinations; and developed plans for gathering intelligence on political groups. Moreover, the F.B.I. was investigating alleged thefts of weapons from Tooele Army Depot by State Guard officers, which may have been smuggled to the Hayden Lake stronghold. "There were some growing pains," Bray concedes, "like there would be in any new type of organization when they feel their way."

The "growing pains" have not been confined to Utah. In an article about state defense forces, the May 1987 issue of *Soldier of Fortune* lauded a unit of the Texas State Guard commanded by a man who served two tours with the Special Forces in Vietnam and later served as a mercenary in Rhodesia. The gung-ho activities of that unit and the misappropriation of cadre funds prompted the Texas House of Representatives to terminate Texas State Guard allocations in 1986, although 40 percent of the budget was later restored in a compromise with the State Senate. In March 1990 several hundred officers of the Virginia Defense Force were sacked in response to an investigation by the state legislature following reports that a brigade was saving money to buy a tank and other units were practicing ad hoc drug raids. "The communication from headquarters to the field was nil," says State Assemblywoman Gladys Keating. "It was a blooming mess."

Few California legislators ever heard of the State Military Reserve (S.M.R.), that state's defense force, before Assemblywoman (now Congresswoman) Maxine Waters got hold of its federally inspired mobilization plan, a 130-page description of what cadre officers would do if the National Guard is called for duty elsewhere. According to the plan, officers throughout the state would report for active duty at Camp San Luis Obispo, where they would arm and train as many as 20,000



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recruits with M-14 rifles, .45-caliber pistols and riot gear, then disperse to assigned armories for orders. Furthermore, officers would maintain "counterintelligence investigative files" that would list "Local Intelligence, Counterintelligence and Security Files [on] Activities related to local persons/organizations of interest to [the] local command."

Recruits themselves would be obligated to report on the following questions: "What are the centers of operations or communications for anti-US personnel and activities? What are the vulnerabilities of key personnel who are conducting or supervising adverse actions against the US? What agencies are instrumental in activities designed to lead to actions or conditions detrimental to US interests?"

Waters first confronted Maj. Gen. Robert Thrasher, the Adjutant General, with the plan's provisions in 1989 during hearings before the Ways and Means subcommittee she chaired, which considers proposed state military budgets. As head of the state military department, Thrasher had requested \$292,000 to defray administrative expenses for the S.M.R. In response to Waters's probing, he testified that the intelligence and counterintelligence provisions she cited were inadvertently copied from National Guard domestic plans and that the S.M.R. itself had no authority to spy. He promised to expunge those duties from the document. He portrayed the cadre as a group of retirees who would process wills and insurance for federalized National Guard troops sent into combat.

Although Waters vehemently opposed continued funding for the S.M.R., the other subcommittee members decided to grant the requested amount on condition that the military department produce a detailed report listing the names and assignments of all S.M.R. officers, recruitment methods and training activities. That report was submitted several months later. It not only failed to placate the subcommittee but di-

rectly implicated the officers in the intelligence activities the Adjutant General had sworn they had no right to conduct.

During renewed subcommittee hearings this year, Dan Galpern of the Friends Committee on Legislation of California noted that the report listed officers with intelligence assignments in units throughout the state. Moreover, he pointed out, despite the Adjutant General's promise, the mobilization plan still ordered recruits to report perceived domestic enemies.

With Galpern's help, the subcommittee learned that S.M.R. battalions had secretly staged riot maneuvers on bases and war games deep in national forests. An editor of *Soldier of Fortune* was appointed an honorary major in the "Fighting Fourth" infantry brigade for participating in a desert field-training exercise. When Waters's subcommittee discovered that the S.M.R. had run a recruiting advertisement in the survivalist magazine *American Survival Guide*, it voted to rescind all S.M.R. funding. The full Assembly followed suit, but an Assembly-Senate conference committee overrode the vote.

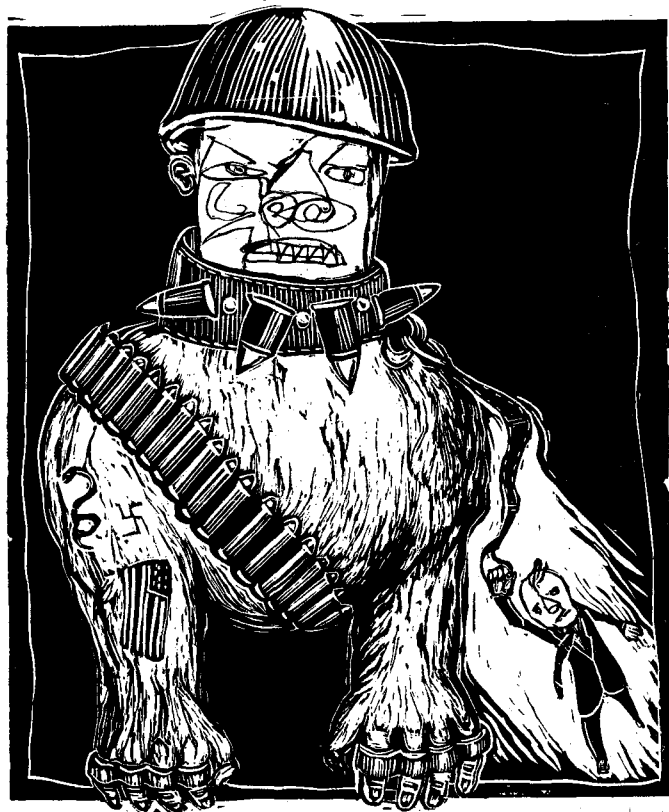
Before the budget hearings last year, State Senator Milton Marks of San Francisco introduced a bill to abolish the S.M.R. In a press release, Marks stated that based on local newspaper reports, "the reserve appears to be a home for some of the most extreme members of our society . . . a paramilitary force that could go out of control." The bill was later watered down, and it finally died in committee after intense lobbying by the California military department.

The state defense forces are supported by state appropriations—and, in some cases, by private donations—but at the behest of the Army, several bills have been introduced in Congress since 1986 to provide federal weapons and training; so far none have passed. Senator Strom Thurmond and Representative Floyd Spence, both of South Carolina, sponsored such legislation in the 101st Congress. Their state maintains volunteer "combat patrols" among its cadre.

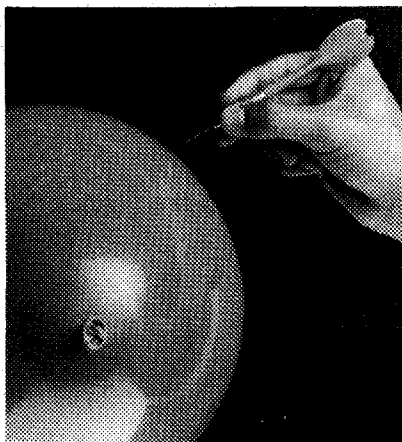
In 1987 Maj. Gen. Constantine (Gus) Lambros, then Commander of the Ohio Military Reserve (O.M.R.), testified before the Readiness Subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee on behalf of two bills drafted by Representatives Ike Skelton and James Traficant. Lambros asked for surplus M-16 rifles, or even vintage M-1 Garands if the government would not supply the newer weapons.

Lambros died a few months ago. One of those in line to succeed him was deputy O.M.R. Commander Charles Fassinger, the senior officer directly in charge of the National Guard troops who killed four and maimed nine unarmed students during an antiwar demonstration at Kent State University in 1970. Fassinger reports that the O.M.R. is training "[to quell] civil disturbances, to handle key asset protection and anti-guerrilla and antiterrorist kinds of things." At least one other high-ranking Kent State veteran is an officer in the O.M.R. cadre: Raymond Srp, formerly a captain of the infamous Troop G, which did most of the shooting. Lambros, an attorney, acted as defense counsel for the National Guardsmen prosecuted for the Kent State shootings.

If the Adjutant General of Ohio, Maj. Gen. Richard Alexander, is telling the truth, the O.M.R. is out of control. Alexander, who heads the military department in Ohio, says



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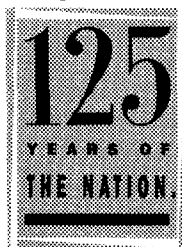
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he never laid eyes on such O.M.R. plans as "OPLAN Ready Aid to Civil Authorities," and "MSOP 88," which spell out how the state defense force will shoot snipers, interrogate prisoners, handle captured documents and crush "dissidents." An O.M.R. two-year plan states, "For the Ohio Military Reserve, the challenge of terrorism is immense." The plan promises that "coupled with constitutional safeguards [the O.M.R. will] effectively use Counter-terrorist Intelligence to thwart attacks before they occur." Alexander insists neither he nor the Governor ever authorized the O.M.R. to take on such missions, although he is vague about exactly what the group is supposed to do.

Like their O.M.R. brothers-in-arms, officers of the Massachusetts State Guard invented their own antiterrorist plans and training while the military department looked the other way, then balked at handing over records when the state was pushed to divulge what the freewheeling volunteers were up to. Ohio and Massachusetts eventually released cadre documents, but the New York State government is fighting in court to keep the mobilization plan of the New York Guard secret.

In response to a suit by the New York Civil Liberties Union to release the document, Maj. Gen. Vincent Lanna, the N.Y.G. Commander, argued that disclosure would jeopardize intelligence and counterintelligence procedures along with other activities of his state defense force, and thus the public had no right to see the plan. After reviewing the document, which attorneys report is about an inch thick, the presiding judge decided in favor of full disclosure. The state is appealing, and the case will be heard in the appellate court this spring. Meanwhile, cadre officers regularly meet at armories in Manhattan, Queens and Long Island, as well as upstate. Upon mobilization, the N.Y.G. is authorized to muster as many as 18,000 armed troops.

Legislators in some states saw trouble coming and blocked proposed militias. "In 1987, the military department wanted to start a volunteer [state defense] force as a substitute for the National Guard in Connecticut," says State Senator Marie Herbst, who at that time chaired the Public Safety Committee. "To begin with, I had serious questions about how that force would be used and got no good answers. When we discovered what happened in other states and [Adjutant] General Gereski confirmed these groups went out of control, I told my staff it would be a cold day in hell before I support the idea. Then I met with the governor and let him know, more politely, that if he intended to push the issue I would be compelled to resist very vocally. . . . It puzzles me that the National Guard Bureau [in Washington] is working surreptitiously to have the states create these organizations."

Herbst discovered that former Attorney General Edwin Meese had initiated the program. When I called Meese at his office at the Heritage Foundation he told me: "In my Cabinet position in California [under then-Governor Ronald Reagan], I had responsibility for the National Guard. We saw a need to find a replacement for the Guard in the event of an emergency and got the wheels turning to resurrect the [state] military reserve. When we went to Washington later, we had people with military experience from California, including General Temple heading the National Guard Bureau, and they

moved forward with the State Defense Force program."

In 1989 Doug Thompson, then director of the Friends Committee on Legislation in Sacramento, warned, "We know from this nation's and this state's experience with our wartime internment of American citizens of Japanese descent how easy it is for the government to suspend constitutional rights due to irrational fears and war hysteria. To charge a domestic military force with the task of gathering intelligence on state citizens, to train them in the use of tear gas and truncheons and to arm them with automatic weapons is to invite tragedy. . . . In a democracy, civil dissent is something to be recognized and encouraged. The state should not be in the business of preparing to crush it."

The appropriate Congressional committees should immediately hold hearings to determine exactly whom the state defense forces are protecting us from. And at the grass-roots level, peace activists in conjunction with their Representatives should monitor and report on the meetings and exercises of local brigades and battalions, which occur regularly at National Guard armories and bases. □

Slavery

(Continued From Front Cover)

states. The wealth of the gulf lies in oil, but the region's trade, administration, engineering, construction, agriculture and service industries, and the maintenance of its oil installations, are in the hands of foreign workers.

Take one small, but for gulf-born Arabs indispensable, category: domestic servants. All these women come from Asian countries such as Sri Lanka, Thailand and the Philippines, and they are non-Muslim. The reason is that no Muslim would permit his daughter to work for a Kuwaiti or a Saudi. For the 35,000 Sri Lankan domestic servants in Kuwait, the provision of sexual services has been an unwritten part of their contract.

The sight last fall of scores of thousands of migrant workers stranded in Jordan as they sought to escape from Iraq momentarily caught the attention and sympathy of the world's media. There were around 860,000 immigrant workers in Kuwait and, at a stroke, they lost all their possessions, savings and retirement benefits. Indians who fled from Iraq or Kuwait had to leave everything behind and borrow an average of \$1,700 to return home, a debt that will be around their families' necks for years to come. Yemeni businessmen who had been trading in Saudi Arabia for decades were abruptly told they had three months to find a Saudi Arabian sponsor to whom they would have to sell a majority of their companies. One hundred and eighty thousand Indians worked in Kuwait and Iraq, most of them from the province of Kerala, which has one of India's highest unemployment rates. These workers returned home to a bleak future.

Denis MacShane works for the Geneva-based International Metalworkers Federation and has written books on Polish and South African workers and their unions. Oxford University Press will publish his International Labour and the Origins of the Cold War later this year.

Remittances sent home by foreign workers cover 40 percent of Egypt's bill for its imports and 30 percent of Pakistan's. Egypt had more than a million of its citizens in Iraq and Kuwait, and the loss of their income will inflict immense hardship on their families, not to speak of the broader impact on the Egyptian economy.

For the first time, reasonably accurate figures are emerging about the extraordinary structure of employment in the gulf, with its mass dependence on foreign workers. This is because Arab and Asian governments, trying to cope with the return of thousands of workers, are now issuing pleas for help to international agencies and are having to back up their claims with statistics. These reveal that the entire economic operation of the region is based on the abuse of foreign labor, with a wholesale denial of labor rights for which there are few international parallels, and about which there continues to be a conspiracy of silence.

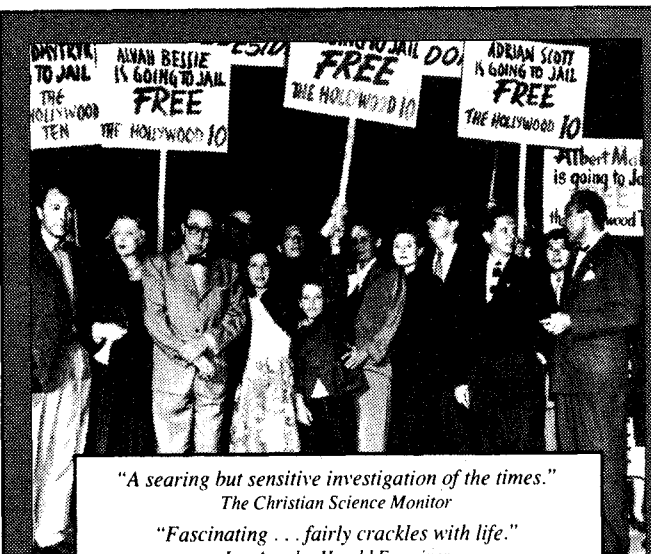
Iraq and Kuwait had labor confederations but both were government mouthpieces. Saudi Arabia does not even bother with the pretense of trade unions. Under Saudi law, collective bargaining, strikes and membership in a labor union are illegal. The Saudis send a workers' representative to the annual conference of the International Labor Organization (I.L.O.), but in recent years the delegate has tended to be an oil company executive—well, that's a sort of worker.

Details on the conditions of employment in Saudi Arabia are not hard to come by. When a worker arrives from abroad he or she has to surrender a passport and thereafter cannot leave, change work or ask for any improvement in wages or conditions. In theory, children under 13 cannot work, but the Saudi Labor Ministry can waive this rule. Working days of twelve to sixteen hours, seven days a week, have been reported. Wages are not determined by a free labor market or by the rate for the job but by the income levels of the worker's country of origin. So a Thai may earn four or five times what a Bangladeshi earns for doing the same work, often side by side, simply because Thailand's per capita income is that much higher. Pay rates of \$50 a month may sound obscenely low, but that is still twice the per capita income in India. Such is the economic imperative that has driven 1.5 million Indians to work in the gulf.

Indians report a sense of helplessness once they arrive. Often their immediate bosses are other Indians, comprador foremen who act as harsh overseers and toady up to the Arab paymasters. One Indian worker based in Riyadh described his situation to the *Times of India* thus:

There are 14 Indian employees in our firm and none of us has a proper agreement duly signed in Arabic and English as the law demands. The required clearance from the protector of emigrants in New Delhi has been obtained illegally by the recruiting agent in India by producing a contract of a different firm and the visa clearly shows a different firm. The employees were told by the agent to tear up the agreement copies as soon as they were airborne. None of my colleagues wants to report the matter to the authorities as they are also afraid of losing their jobs, if reported.

The Iraqi invasion of Kuwait and the war that followed have exposed even further the cruelty of the employment system



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of the gulf states. Hundreds of thousands of workers have been prevented from leaving the region, denied the most basic human right of saving their own skin. The estimated 4 million foreign workers in Saudi Arabia, Oman and Qatar have been told they cannot return home. In Saudi Arabia, the authorities refused at first to issue gas masks to foreign workers. While rich Kuwaitis lolled around their summer homes in France, Spain and Egypt, they left behind most of their Bangladeshi and Sri Lankan housemaids, cooks and cleaners to suffer first the Iraqi occupation and now the air and ground assault by allied forces.

The majority of foreign workers in the gulf come from other Arab countries. There were 850,000 Egyptians in Iraq and another 180,000 in Kuwait. Saddam Hussein encouraged the influx of mainly unskilled Egyptian workers to replace the Iraqi farm and service work force that he needed to fight his war against Iran. As that conflict wound down in the late 1980s, Iraqi soldiers returning to villages to find their jobs occupied by Egyptians chased them out, often simply killing the luckless immigrant employee. Egypt's President Mubarak went to Baghdad to complain to Saddam about the problem. But the Iraqi leader, like his adversaries in the gulf sheikdoms, saw the use of masses of foreign workers as a structural component in ruling the country. A homogeneous working class can easily become a center of organization and opposition. It is thus better to divide the work force by nationality, pay and rights, and keep it internally at odds with itself. Iraq's abuse of foreign workers went too far after the invasion of Kuwait, when the authorities sought to conscript Egyptian workers for the armed forces. Many of those who refused were executed on the spot. Their bodies went back to Cairo, and on examination were found to have a bullet hole in the back of the head.



This provoked Egypt's trade union confederation to lodge a complaint against Iraq at the I.L.O. That may sound like a tame, bureaucratic response, but in fact it represents a significant break in Arab ranks. The state of labor rights in the region has never been a secret, but no Arab labor organization or Arab government has taken up the issue until now, on the ground of inter-Arab solidarity. Effective publicists for Palestinian labor rights can provide reams of evidence about the exploitation of Palestinian workers in Israel or the occupied territories, but they are silent about the abuse of Palestinian workers in Kuwait or other Arab countries.

Asian governments, desperate for foreign-currency earnings, have also turned a blind eye to the exploitation of their nationals. International trade-union confederations have had no presence and little interest in the region, and their campaigns for international labor rights have tended to rely on the existence of some local labor revolt or organization of the sort seen in recent years in Poland, South Africa and South Korea. Most Arab union confederations have been members of the Moscow-based World Federation of Trade Unions, which was never critical of suppression of workers' rights in any of its affiliated countries—two of which are Iraq and Kuwait [see MacShane, "Statist Unions Wither Away," November 26, 1990]. Western labor internationals are now helping Kuwaiti trade unionists in exile, but Arab trade unionism has rarely been critical of the extremely small level of labor activity permitted by Arab governments.

In the United Nations agencies that concern themselves with human or workers' rights, the Arab countries have formed a solid bloc, usually with other Third World governments (and, according to changing diplomatic needs, with the complicity of the U.S. and European governments), to prevent discussion of the brutalities of their internal labor systems. The I.L.O. has heard a thousand speeches condemning the cruel treatment of workers or the flouting of I.L.O. conventions by white South Africans, Zionists or Communists, but it took a full-scale war for concern about workers in the gulf to be heard. Even now, the situation of workers in Iraq and Kuwait is held up as something exceptional, rather than being typical of the plight of all workers in the region, especially those in Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates.

It has already been noted elsewhere that the United States and its allies did not mention the defense of human or labor rights as one of their reasons for going to war. This is a major contrast to the actions of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt, who justified their respective war aims with the Fourteen Points of national freedom in 1918 and the Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter in 1941. Almost the first act of the U.S. armies upon their overthrow of Nazism and Japanese militarism was to permit free labor organizations—even before political parties were allowed to operate.

Among the half-million allied soldiers in Saudi Arabia, is there not one who might be moved to set up a freedom chain for the slave workers in Fahd's kingdom? And among the hundreds of journalists, for the moment controlled by military censors, are there none who will in due course report on the monstrosities of the regimes for which American soldiers have been fighting? □

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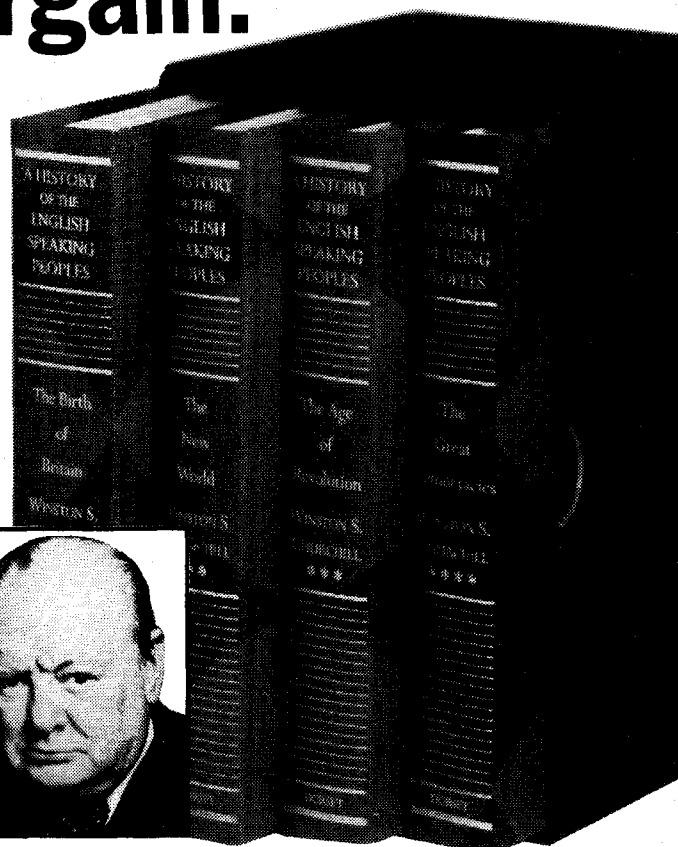
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MALINA. By Ingeborg Bachmann. Translated by Philip Boehm. Holmes & Meier. 244 pp. \$24.95.

WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL TIMES. By Elfriede Jelinek. Translated by Michael Hulse. Serpent's Tail. 253 pp. \$12.95.

In the summer of 1962, I spent a vacation in Austria with my family. One night, in a small village on the Danube, my father went to a Bierkeller with some friendly locals, who before long were singing Nazi songs and reminiscing about the good old days. I was only 11 years old, but I remember that it really spooked my father, who was not just an English tourist who spoke good German (and whom they oddly assumed to be sympathetic) but a German-Jewish refugee. Clearly, there was more to Austria than beautiful scenery—a suspicion that, thirty years later, is more than confirmed by two remarkable Austrian novels newly translated into English.

Malina by Ingeborg Bachmann and *Wonderful, Wonderful Times* by Elfriede Jelinek show us, in their different ways, that fascism is not a temporary madness, easily stamped out by allied victory, but a continuing presence—in the relationships between parents and children, men and women, those in authority and those who are not. Fascism, they say, is another word for patriarchy.

This tracing of dark undercurrents in the routines of daily life places Jelinek and Bachmann firmly in the company of other Austrian postwar writers, whose work is often fragmentary and introspective in nature and skeptical of taking on large subjects. Though not as internationally well-known as some of their peers (like Peter Handke, Elias Canetti or Thomas Bernhard), the two women have long struck a chord in German-speaking countries. *Malina* was a best seller when it came out in 1971, despite the disapproval critics had for Bachmann's discursive prose style—critics who had earlier applauded her tightly written, aesthetically beautiful poetry. Today, eighteen years after her death at the age of 47,

Charlotte Innes is a British-born writer living in Los Angeles.

Bachmann's prose is back in critical favor, having influenced writers like Günter Grass and Christa Wolf—and Elfriede Jelinek, who wrote the screenplay of the film version of *Malina* just released in Germany. Jelinek was born twenty years later than Bachmann and is more overtly political; she is the 1986 winner of the Heinrich Böll Prize for her contributions to German literature, which include five novels.

What's truly frightening about Malina is Bachmann's gradual revelation of patriarchal fascism as something as destructive in its quiet way as the up-front murderer.

Malina is the chronicle of a well-known woman writer identified only as "I." She is deeply in love with Ivan, a Hungarian and high-up functionary in a financial institution. She also shares her Vienna apartment with Malina, referred to only by his last name, a civil servant at the Austrian Army Museum.

Aside from feeling that something awful is going to happen to the narrator, it is largely the mystery of Malina that gives the book a genuine element of suspense. Even his name is ambiguous, sounding vaguely feminine, perhaps Italian, perhaps Slavic. The hints that he is a homosexual are reminiscent of another story by Bachmann, "Three Paths to the Lake," wherein the main female character lives happily for a while with a gay man. (This story was written with *Malina* as part of the same prose cycle, left unfinished at Bachmann's death, to be called *Todesarten* or *Death Styles*, about the different ways in which society causes women to die.) In narrative terms, *Malina* may quite easily be interpreted as either a real character or an aspect of the female narrator. "He" is the rational, thinking

side, which tries with difficulty to fit into the world of men—representing Bachmann's own struggles to find her voice. One witnesses a progression from Bachmann's earliest stories, told from a male point of view, to the later and more remote third-person writing, mostly about women; *Malina* was one of her first stories to be told in the first person.

In "Happy with Ivan," the first of the novel's three parts, the narrator describes meeting Ivan and the progression of their affair. She is in fact far from happy, since Ivan, though not cruel in any obvious sense, is indifferent to her. She recognizes this yet becomes obsessed with making herself someone he can love. Their truncated phone conversations reveal the true nature of their relationship, their inability to connect and the narrator's willingness to play the victim through a power game in which Ivan sets the rules. Indeed, they can communicate only through game playing, either chess or in what the narrator calls constructing-sentence sets. "We have a lot of head-sentences . . . but . . . we don't have a single sentence about feelings, since Ivan never pronounces one and since I don't dare create the first."

She knows that Ivan would find her real thoughts threatening and strange. To please him, she tries to write something he will like, something positive and upbeat. This story weaves through the text in italics, a fairy tale about a princess returning home from war with the help of a mysterious stranger wrapped in a cloak, whose face she never sees. At first the fragments are hopeful, a dream of a beautiful future; but then they shift ominously into the past tense, the princess is trapped and lost, and we sense her imminent death.

The second section, "The Third Man," is probably a deliberate reference to the 1949 Carol Reed film, with its shadowy Viennese streets and sinister machinations that hint of the worst Nazi war crimes. The narrator describes a series of dream-like memories, many of them having to do with her father, a murderous, child-molesting figure who in one dream tries to kill her in a gas chamber. Sometimes her father has her mother's face, and she realizes that this dream-creature is really a "third thing," her "murderer": the demonic face of fascism.

Yet what is truly frightening about *Malina* is Bachmann's gradual revelation of patriarchal fascism as something even

more insidious, a seemingly benign force that is as destructive in its quiet way as the up-front murderer. Between dreams, "I" talks to Malina, who at first seems to soothe her. Then, as he tries to draw her out, his questions become provocations. He is less an intimate friend and more a therapist or, increasingly in the third section, "Last Things," an inquisitor and judge. As the narrator becomes more frantic, entirely losing her ability to relate to the world, Malina remains cool, detached, ever reasonable, and quite monstrous in his self-control. In the end his rationality literally squeezes her out of existence. Bachmann's point here is that women cannot be themselves, but rather feel compelled to fit male ideas of what they should be. Such self-obliteration can have only one result. "I have lived in Ivan and die in Malina," the narrator says. Ivan rejected her feelings, Malina her thoughts. She is a nonperson, invisible, dead.

If the Vienna of *Malina* is more a state of mind, the city in *Wonderful, Wonderful Times* is equally removed from its tourist-bureau image as a citadel of culture that carries echoes of Haydn, Mozart, Freud and Schnitzler. Set in the late 1950s, this Vienna is a poverty-stricken place of sexual sadists and youthful delinquents. Austria's impending "economic miracle" hangs over the book, but there is no sense of renewal, only a weary repetition of the past, which weaves like a snake through the lives of the characters, depositing a venom that isn't classifiable in a historical sense but clearly marks its victims. This is somewhat reminiscent of *The Piano Teacher* (1988), the only other of Jelinek's novels to appear in the United States; in that, the three main characters were caught in a web of love and torture that could also be seen as a brilliant if grim exploration of fascism, in which a woman, like the "I" in *Malina*, could take control of her life only by being a victim. *Wonderful, Wonderful Times*, for all its sickening images, is more a comedy of the absurd, yet it keeps the relationship between the powerful and the powerless central.

Sometimes painful, sometimes ludicrously comic in tone, the story concerns four teenage rebels and their efforts to assault citizens and relieve them of their wallets, not for money but for existential kicks. The more they rebel, the more they fall into patterns already laid down for them by society: The two middle-class would-be intellectuals find their books of little help; the working-class boy can-

not break out of his groove; the rich girl reaps the benefits of her wealth; parents and children hate each other with a vengeful fury.

Their self-described leader is Rainer Witkowski, named for the Austrian lyric poet Rainer Maria Rilke. Obsessed with Camus's hero in *The Outsider* (an early title of *The Stranger* in English), stuck in an existential literary rut, Rainer performs an act of meaningless violence to prove he exists—the powerless man's attempt at power. His twin sister, Anna, a brilliant young pianist who prefers difficult modernist works by Berg and Webern to traditional Austrian composers, struggles to keep her autonomy in a country that wants women to stay home and cook. She remains mute for long periods. When she falls in love with a muscular young worker, Hans, sex is her downfall. We see that she is repeating the pattern of her mother, a teacher from a "superior background" who suddenly found herself one half of a couple copulating on the floor; the man, Herr Witkowski, became her husband. This one-legged former S.S. officer is the most obvious symbol of continuing fascism in the book. He makes up for his demotion to the lowly position of porter by beating, raping and taking pornographic pictures of his protesting but compliant wife.

The only winner in this oppressive setup is Sophie, the rich girl. Between tennis games, she amuses herself with both Rainer and Hans—Sophie has a voyeur's interest in the social underclass—but really she cares for no one but herself. Chillingly uninvolved, a "will-o'-the-wisp" and a "white mirage," wealthy Sophie is simultaneously the ghost of Austria's past—of the bourgeoisie that welcomed Nazism—and a sign of the prosperous future. Like fascist acolytes, Rainer and Hans are drawn toward her aura of power.

Clearly sympathetic to socialism and feminism, Jelinek nevertheless has no political ax to grind; in particular, she echoes Ilse Aichinger, whose 1946 "Call for Skepticism," a magazine article that urged artists to reject all dogma, so influenced Handke and Bachmann. Her goal is to examine society with a cool, analytical eye. Youth, love, art, political systems, memory, religion, intellectualism and even nature are placed on the Jelinek operating table and stripped of all our most treasured notions. Her method, more that of a lunatic researcher than a novelist, involves presenting each chapter as a different cross section of the same

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bundle of themes; this may be as artificial a technique as any, but Jelinek knows it and has fun with it.

It can be said without qualification that after Bachmann and Jelinek, Austria will never seem quite the same. The remarkable winding beauty of Bachmann's prose and the crazy logic of Jelinek's make some familiar themes fresh and new. And as the world stumbles through yet another major war, their profound pessimism seems unnervingly on target.

Back in 1962, after my family left the village of nostalgic Nazis, we drove past

Mauthausen, an Austrian concentration camp overlooking the Danube. As a child, I thought naïvely that the presence of such massive monuments to human cruelty would prevent the occurrence of further atrocities. Now I am not so sure. Perhaps we are all a little like Jelinek's Herr Witkowski, who "often thinks of the dark skeletons of people he killed. The white and immaculate snow of Poland turns bloody and maculate. But snow goes on falling, again and again, and by now it bears no trace of those who disappeared there." □

them but where they shopped, what they listened to on the radio, where they went to the movies, who sold them their insurance, whom they looked to for "relief" in hard times, where they lived and what they thought about the boss and the foreman, Communist organizers, one another and F.D.R.

Cohen's use of cultural material is especially astute. She disputes the contention that a mass, homogenizing culture had, by the 1920s, destroyed ethnic and working-class communities and institutions. While workers attended the movies in large numbers in the 1920s, they did so, she argues, in neighborhood theaters; while they listened to the radio, they were likely to tune in to locally produced programs; and while chain stores and brand names were more popular than ever elsewhere in the city, they did not lessen the appeal of local, ethnic-oriented mom-and-pop stores in working-class neighborhoods.

It was the Depression, not mass culture, that destroyed the ethnic community and its institutions. During the 1930s ethnic and religious-affiliated welfare agencies, benevolent societies, banks, building and loan associations, small neighborhood stores, independent movie theaters, and radio stations failed not because local people stopped looking to them for assistance and comfort but because they were no longer able to provide it.

Those were not the only safety nets to collapse during the 1930s. Welfare capitalists who in the 1920s had tried to lure workers away from union and neighborhood loyalties with their own insurance, education and welfare programs abandoned them during the Depression. Workers who had come to expect tangible benefits as well as wages from their employers now lost both.

As workers, citizens, voters and, in some cases, former soldiers, Chicago's industrial workers believed they were entitled to ask government to take over the tasks that welfare capitalist and ethnic institutions were no longer capable of performing: providing economic assistance in emergencies, safeguarding their savings and mortgages, and finding them work. They did not look to the federal government as a *deus ex machina* but as an institution that, with their votes and through their collective struggles, could be reconstructed as their protector. They regarded the C.I.O. in much the same light, as an agency dependent on their support that might, in troubled times, "complement

From the Bottom Up

DAVID NASAW

MAKING A NEW DEAL: Industrial Workers in Chicago, 1919-1939. By Lizabeth Cohen. Cambridge University Press. 526 pp. \$27.95.

In graduate school in the 1960s, we embraced—sometimes to our professors' consternation—the inescapability of "present-mindedness" in history. We were convinced that there was no such thing as pure "objectivity"; that, as Peter Novick has written, "historical writing, at least on highly charged subjects, is the product of a particular moment in time, which shapes historians' decisions about what needs to be explained" and, I would add, about how it needs to be explained.

Our starting point is the present. We look back from here and now, and what we see and ask of the past is framed from this perspective. In the era of Carter, Reagan and Bush; of the air traffic controllers, Hormel and the *Daily News*, part of what we see is the deteriorating power (and perhaps will) of national unions to protect working people and the hopeless corruption of a Democratic Party that is barely distinguishable from the Republican. In the 1990s, it is difficult to write histories that do not prevision this present, that do not explain or seek the roots of this powerlessness and corruption. And yet, if we do not also look within our past for the "historical alternatives which haunt the established society as subversive tendencies and forces," we risk imprisoning ourselves deeper in a one-

dimensional present, as Herbert Marcuse warned more than twenty-five years ago.

It is at moments like this that new perspectives on the past, like Lizabeth Cohen's in *Making a New Deal: Industrial Workers in Chicago, 1919-1939*, are particularly welcome. Cohen has deliberately turned her back on "present-mindedness" by choosing *not* to "view the events of the thirties in light of what followed after 1940." Interpreting the struggles of the 1930s in the light of "later developments," she argues, "distorts reality." "Stopping the clock before 1940," on the other hand, "puts a new cast on the events of the thirties" by refocusing attention on what "rank-and-file workers accomplished in building a successful CIO movement."

Cohen tells a simple story that will warm the heart of every leftist. She describes how Chicago's industrial workers, divided in the 1920s by race, ethnicity and residence, joined together during the Great Depression to install C.I.O. unions in their factories and elect and pressure Democratic politicians to "make a new deal."

Like the best new labor historians, she studies working people outside their workplaces, but like the best old labor historians, she emphasizes the importance of workplace and union building in their lives. She reaches beyond the narrow specialties historians still indulge in (a decade ago Herbert Gutman bemoaned the balkanizing thrust of the new social history; see "Whatever Happened to History?" November 21, 1981) to draw on the insights and methodologies of community studies, ethnic histories, gender studies, political history (new and old), cultural criticism and social history. We learn not only how Chicago workers voted and selected a union to represent

David Nasaw teaches history at the College of Staten Island (CUNY) and is the author of Children of the City: At Work and at Play (Oxford).

the state in providing them both with the security that ethnic groups and welfare capitalists had once promised and the equity that their vision of 'moral capitalism' was leading them to expect."

Just as it was their votes that elected and then pressured Democratic leaders to "make a new deal," it was industrial workers' activism as a rank and file that enabled the C.I.O. to organize Chicago's factories. Similar campaigns in the 1920s had broken down not simply because of employer and state hostility but because the "workers were divided. Fragmented into insular communities, the city's working-class population showed itself incapable of unifying across racial, ethnic, and territorial boundaries." By the 1930s, however, the collapse of ethnic institutions and the triumph of mass culture had forged "common grounds" among Chicago's industrial workers. As Polish, Czechoslovak, Russian Jewish, African-American and Mexican workers began to listen to the same radio programs, shop for the same products in the same chain stores, and watch the same movies in the same chain theaters, the cultural differences that had divided them in the 1920s were subtly bridged. "Workers of diverse ethnicities and races succeeded in asserting themselves collectively as Democrats and as unionists by the 1930s [in large part because] they had more in common culturally from which to forge alliances. . . . No less important, the CIO recognized how much the success of its effort to unionize the nation's mass production factories depended on workers' new common ground, and it developed an organizational strategy that built on this new potential for unity."

The argument, as I present it here, may appear simplistic, but Cohen develops it with verve, complexity and a great deal of evidence, much of it from underutilized oral-history collections and first-person primary sources. Though other labor and working-class historians have also emphasized the importance of culture, few have paid it the attention she has or integrated the material as securely into their arguments. Culture is not for Cohen, as it should not be for other historians, a separate arena of daily life peripheral to the "real" story of union and political organizing. The cultural choices workers made were every bit as significant as their decision to sign union cards or vote Democratic.

Encased in a deadening present, with little hope for the immediate future,

we must look to our past for utopian moments. By recalling a lost fragment of that past when rank-and-file workers of different ethnic groups, races and neighborhoods struggled together to force union and state to act responsibly, Elizabeth Cohen has performed an important service. She has demonstrated that "mass" or commercial culture is not some behemoth that bullies its way into workers' homes and communities, undermining

neighborhood and ethnic loyalties, falsifying "consciousness" and eliminating the grounds for solidarity. Rather than being an impediment to collective action, "mass" culture can, in particular circumstances, serve as a unifying force. What this insight can mean for the future will only be determined through practice. But that practice must be based on historical knowledge, not deformed by our present despondency. □

Gloriously Obsolete

JAMES MARCUS

GENTLEMAN REBEL: The Memoirs of H. Stuart Hughes. Ticknor and Fields. 326 pp. \$24.95.

What do Michel Tournier, Pope John Paul II, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Jürgen Habermas and Heinrich Böll have in common? They are all, says H. Stuart Hughes in *Sophisticated Rebels*, his 1988 study of European dissent, practitioners of what he calls "subversion in a minor key." Among their collective characteristics, Hughes lists "nonviolence, ideological skepticism, a recognition of plural loyalties, and an insistence on civic virtue, on the ethical values suffusing activities that often appeared excessively modest and down to earth."

These same characteristics are on abundant display in Hughes's autobiography, *Gentleman Rebel*. In fact, his recipe for sophisticated rebellion almost constitutes a thumbnail sketch of the author. That's where Hughes belongs, even if his brand of soft-spoken subversion has made him something of an oddity in the midst of the American *fin de siècle*:

I recognize my obsolescence—with the added distinction, if such it be, of having become obsolete not once but twice. My first incarnation as the well-bred scion of a legal family, which today would be called patrician . . . grew steadily more attenuated in the course of the 1930s and 1940s. . . . During those decades I little by little reached a new self-definition: I began to think of myself as a cosmopolitan, polyglot man of letters affiliated with the democratic Left. If old-style patricians are today in short supply, so too are left-oriented purveyors of international culture.

James Marcus is currently translating Oriana Fallaci's new novel, *Insciallah* (Doubleday, forthcoming 1992).

Actually, Hughes's two "incarnations" have tugged him back and forth since the 1930s, and the resulting tug of war is exactly what gives his autobiography its fascination. Not that the story of this long, modest and down-to-earth life lacks for colorful detail. Which other recent memoirist can claim to have been patted on the head by Warren Harding and jostled on the knee of Charles Evans Hughes, to have chatted with F.D.R. at a White House debutante party and polished his apprentice Italian by inviting Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti to dinner? How about having debated arms control in 1959 with "a young professor of government, Henry Kissinger," for the edification of Harvard undergraduates? Still, Hughes's perpetual vacillation between *Gentleman* and *Rebel* links all these demigods, anecdotes and incidental ironies; it provides his story with a kind of reassuring, even old-fashioned unity, one not inappropriate for this self-described "latter-day Edwardian."

Henry Stuart Hughes was born in 1916 to a moderately wealthy and highly respectable family. The memoirist's father practiced corporate law and eventually served as Solicitor General, a job he lost when his father, Charles Evans Hughes, was appointed Chief Justice of the United States in 1930; as Hughes tells us, his father "could no longer argue the government's cases before a court over which his own father was presiding." Hughes spent most of his boyhood in the Bronx neighborhood of Riverdale, part of the time in an eighteen-room house recently evacuated by the Kennedys.

It was when he left home to attend Deerfield that the contest between *Gentleman* and *Rebel* finally kicked into gear. In 1932 Hughes discovered socialism. "The Great Depression, now at its worst," he recalls, "had at last gotten under my skin, the skin of a child of privilege. . . .

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Almost from one day to the next I began to question the wisdom of my elders. American capitalism, I soon concluded, had made a mess of things." When Deerfield held its straw presidential ballot in 1932, Hughes quietly canvassed for Norman Thomas, who managed to edge out F.D.R. for second place. ("Surely an achievement without parallel at New England's prep schools," he points out, only half ironically.)

Two years later, Hughes entered Amherst with his socialism intact. In 1936, with Thomas's star on the wane, he decided that the incumbent F.D.R. was the thinking leftist's choice. Hughes endorsed Roosevelt in the college newspaper, bringing down a storm of abuse and canceled subscriptions from alumni. However, even the most ardent of 20-year-old socialists had Dad to reckon with. When Hughes ventured a tentative approval of F.D.R.'s Court-packing scheme, his father's anger led him to some furious backpedaling. It took a commencement appearance by Chief Justice "Grandpa" Hughes to revive the author's flagging alienation:

As I listened to the speaker's old-fashioned oratorical periods roll on, an inner discomfort seized me. Little by little I began to understand why. What I was hearing was bullshit—there was no gainsaying it.

The Rebel, it seemed, had displaced the Gentleman at last. But what man proposes, God, or graduate school, disposes. From 1938 to 1940 Hughes attended Harvard, working joylessly on a dissertation titled "The Crisis of the French Imperial Economy, 1810-1812," and briefly taught at Brown. "During my years of graduate study," he writes, "my 'socialism' had gone into a recessive phase; the massive ideological skepticism of my teachers had sapped my fervor."

World War II restored Hughes's fervor in spades. After enlisting in 1941, he was assigned to the Office of Strategic Services as a political research expert. Initially, much of his job consisted of a gentle public relations campaign for the Red Army, which had just managed to halt the Germans in the Moscow suburbs. But his service abroad deflected him from knee-jerk Stalinism. In 1945 he passed through "liberated" Belgrade:

The atmosphere in the Yugoslav capital was not jubilant, as I had expected, but morose and laden with suspicion, particularly of Americans. It gave me my first glimpse into a Communist-

dominated society, and what I saw made me uneasy; it also alerted me to the post-Yalta erosion of the solidarity between East and West on which I had built my hopes.

Throughout the first phase of the cold war, Hughes tried to steer clear of a black-hats-or-white-hats interpretation. Nevertheless, the Soviet quashing of Polish and Hungarian democracy in 1947-48 left him "in Washington in a state of mild depression punctuated by gloomy (and exaggerated) predictions of the fate that was about to overtake the democratic Left."

Hughes returned to academia in 1948 as associate director of Harvard's Russian Research Center. He spent the 1950s shuttling between there and Stanford, often pursued by the ghost of his red past. His reputation as an intellectual historian grew, but he continued to sense "a personal time bomb . . . ticking away in Washington." The Rebel gave way intermittently to the Gentleman, caught in a "*reductio ad absurdum*...of simultaneous respectability and disrepute." In the late 1950s, however, Hughes became active in the peace movement—he was eventually to serve as co-chair of SANE—and dug in his heels for good by running for senator from Massachusetts in 1962.

The senatorial contest, which was certainly the climax of Hughes's public life, also provides *Gentleman Rebel* with some wonderful set pieces. In this "epoch-making battle of Massachusetts clans," Hughes stood little chance of stampeding Ted Kennedy, Edward McCormack or George Cabot Lodge. His maverick, grass-roots campaign won only 2 percent of the vote. Still, he points out with justified pride that a decade later "the stony and unpropitious ground I had tried to evangelize distinguished itself as the most peace-minded in the country."

Hughes's autobiography, which carries its subject and reader up to the 1980s, includes one other strand worth dwelling on. This is the author's psychoanalysis. Not every latter-day Edwardian would discuss his hours on the couch with such frankness; even fewer would begin their memoirs with a comment from a shrink ("Now that's what I call a *real* memory"). But the emphasis makes perfect sense in the case of this eminently conflicted historian, who has elsewhere written that history is psychoanalysis: "In their study of motive the two share the conviction that everything is both relevant and random, incoherent and ordered, in the all-

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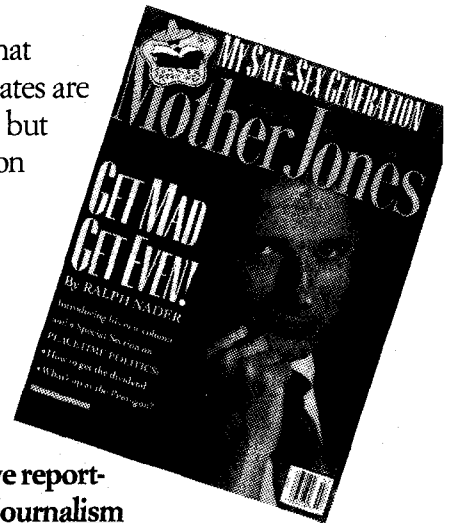
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inclusive context of human existence." *Gentleman Rebel* reminds the reader of just how relevant memories and random ones, public and private life, may all be subsumed under a talent for (as the author might say) thinking *otherwise*. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

A Bright Room Called Day Dead Mother Unchanging Love

If there is a single theatrical institution that can be regarded as the prime example of Alternative Theater—i.e., all that is Off Broadway in spirit as well as topographically—it would surely be the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, whose five stages have been housed in the Astor Library in lower Manhattan since 1967. Some few of the 400 plays produced there have moved to Broadway and become hits (notably, *Hair*, *Drood*, *The Pirates of Penzance* and *A Chorus Line*), while another considerable portion of its energies have perpetuated its founder Joseph Papp's original project of presenting free Shakespeare productions in Central Park as well as regular offerings, on its downtown stages, of standard repertory fare. But in recent years the Public Theater's self-proclaimed mandate has been to present work of those writers and auteur-directors of an avant-garde or "fringe" character for whom Broadway just isn't in the cards. For most such, the Public Theater represents a kind of professional acme, though a happy few may graduate to the Brooklyn Academy of Music or to venues in Europe where the avant-garde's claims on the public purse have been more generally recognized.

The Public Theater currently is undergoing some heavy weather, due in part to funding difficulties (Papp has refused tainted National Endowment for the Arts moneys; both the city and state are trimming their arts budgets drastically; and there are currently no Broadway adoptees like *A Chorus Line* helping to support their needy parent) and in part to a general paucity of first-rate playwrights and composers. But also in part—perhaps the largest part—the Public Theater is the victim of its own systematically misbegotten aesthetic agenda. Season after season, under the threadbare banner of experiment, it has promoted the work of

avant-garde con artists and politically correct bores from its own neighborhood: the Performing Garage, Mabou Mines, LaMama, etc. Papp now is preparing to resign his admiralty and has delegated authority not to a single successor but to a fourfold "coalition" not unlike Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition, in that the four directors designated as his heirs can be seen to represent the major points of the liberal compass (New York style): black, gay, feminist and left/activist.

Pigeonholing director and co-heir-designate Michael Greif as "left/activist" may, indeed, spring from my own penchant for neatness, since it is the two plays Greif has directed this season I would characterize as being so: a marvelously effective revival of Sophie Treadwell's *Machinal* from 1928 earlier in the season, and the short-lived *A Bright Room Called Day* by Tony Kushner. I regret that I failed to commend *Machinal* when I had the opportunity: Greif's suitably barnstorming staging revealed Treadwell to be an American expressionist on a par with Rice and O'Neill. Kushner's play, despite all Greif's efforts to generate similar excitement, never registers as anything but average.

Kushner has a basic playwrighting knack for filling a stage with characters who are plausible and interesting; he has, as well, a disability common among playwrights: He thinks with his endocrine system. *Bright Room* is set in a Berlin apartment, primarily at the inception of the Nazi era but with a framing flash-forward to 1990, in which the stand-up comic Reno fulminates against easy targets. ("Eight years of watching [Reagan] try to remember his lines!" is typical Kushner refried humor.) The high point of Reno's righteous indignation comes as she equates Hitler's Holocaust with the way the Reagan/Bush government has dealt with AIDS. When the play was done in London, the equation was between Hitler and Thatcher. The playwright has protested that Zillah, the character Reno plays, is not the author's voice; but since she is not, in fact, a dramatic character (she brings home a German boyfriend who, significantly, doesn't speak English) but rather a congeries of received left/activist opinions (which mirror those set forth by the author in interviews), this seems disingenuous.

The play proper (i.e., with Reno deleted) has some good things going for it, mostly in the highly textured performances of Ellen McLaughlin as a decadent Dietrichy actress; Olek Krupa as a refu-

gee Trotskyist film director; Marian Seldes as a ghostly madwoman (or mad ghost); and Frances Conroy in the role of a well-meaning, ineffectual liberal who, as fear eats her soul, slowly but inexorably upstages everyone around her. Any playwright who can provide the occasion for such vivid performances is surely doing something right. At its best (and at its worst, too), Kushner's work comes across as a gay, American equivalent of David Hare's—the Briton being another ideological grouch with a nostalgia for the bad old days when reality was all in black and white. Emblematic of this is the moment in Act II when the homosexual Gregor Bazwald (played by Henry Stram) confesses to having funkled an opportunity to shoot Hitler and is reproached for not sacrificing his life on behalf of all mankind. If Kushner were serious about his parallel between 1933 and 1990, it would follow that the Bazwalds of our own time should reproach themselves for a similar lack of initiative. Of this possibility Reno, prudently, has nothing to say.

Dead Mother; or Shirley Not All in Vain was written by David Greenspan, is directed by David Greenspan and stars David Greenspan in the title role. The program credits William Kennon as set designer and Elsa Ward as costume designer, both regular colleagues of Greenspan and both of a cheese-paring, come-as-you-are temperament suited to impending hard times. Kennon's "set" consists of a Salvation Army sofa and a strip of Day-Glo pink flooring; the costumes might have been picked up from the nearby "market" on the pavements of Astor Place, except for some tights decorated with foam-rubber phalluses and a deliberately "dumb" whale costume that must have taken someone the better part of an afternoon to put together. When Greenspan directed the Chikamatsu puppet play *Gonza the Lancer* earlier in the season, he gave it pretty much the same look and encouraged the actors to adopt a style of such studied diffidence as to amount to one long sneer at the expense of his text. I bolted after half an hour, as from a meal of raw squid. *Dead Mother* does not allow the author to abuse any text but his own, and I stuck it through to the end.

Greenspan, now 34, says he came to playwrighting by way of working with choreographers, "writing texts, co-directing pieces. They were really abstract, with the barest thread of a narrative." Then,

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The American Neo-Nazi Movement Today

Elinor Langer's well-researched and chilling look at the growth of skin-head, neo-Nazi and white supremacist hate groups with direct ideological links to the original Nazi movement. Langer concludes that something deeply disturbing is indeed happening here—something every American should comprehend and confront. (July 16/23, 1990)

How on Earth?—Strategies For a Habitable Planet

The Nation's special Earth Day 1990 issue features bold articles by Barry Commoner and Kirkpatrick Sale outlining down-to-earth technological and political strategies for preserving the planet. Commoner argues that government regulation has failed to persuade American corporations to clean up their act, and Sale argues that Earth Day 1990 commemorated the problem, not the solution. "To succeed," according to the issue's lead editorial, "environmental politics needs a movement." The solutions offered here are radical, but so is the problem. (April 30, 1990)

'Fetal Rights'—A New Assault on Feminism

Katha Pollitt focuses on the anti-choice forces' new strategy: persecuting women who carry or give birth to drug dependent or alcoholic children. Pollitt tells how mothers are being portrayed "as the major threat to unborn babies." Already in wide demand for college textbooks and academic courses in many disciplines. (March 26, 1990)

Scapegoating the Black Family

Guest-edited and written by African-American women, this important Nation issue debunks the myths and exposes the reality of the black family. Margaret B. Wilkerson, Jewell Handy Gresham, Faye Wattleton and others. With a final appeal/challenge to America by speaker, activist and author Ossie Davis. This issue has received widespread attention in academic circles and was nominated for a National Magazine Award. (July 24/31, 1989)

The Lords of the Global Village

Mergers and takeovers are transforming the information business, creating companies worth billions of dollars and concentrating power and ownership in the hands of a few. Ben H. Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*, examines the growth of these giant communication combines, and profiles such media barons as Rupert Murdoch and Robert Maxwell. This special issue is essential to all students of the media, in or out of the classroom. (June 12, 1989)

Defending the Rain Forest and Its People

Alexander Cockburn and Susanna Hecht's powerful account of the destruction of the Amazon rain forests and the efforts to save them. Also, an inspirational interview with one of the most visible and vocal—and threatened—leaders of the Rubber Tappers Union, Osmarino Amancio Rodriguez. (May 22, 1989)

The Armenian Journal of Michael Arlen

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Learning to Deal With Cuba

A landmark study of Fidel Castro's revolution at 30 and why United States-Cuban relations should be normalized by a new Administration. Highlighted by George Black's vivid on-the-spot report on Cuba's prospects for change in the age of Gorbachev. Also, Wayne S. Smith, John Spicer Nichols, Maria de los Angeles Torres, William M. LeoGrande and Coco Fusco. (October 24, 1988)

Will We End the Cold War?:

The Next President's Historic Opportunity

Stephen F. Cohen's Olive Branch Award-winning essay calling for a new American thinking about the Soviet Union, and proposing a ten-step plan toward new relations. (October 10, 1988)

A Citizen Reads the Constitution

E. L. Doctorow's commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the ratification of the U.S. Constitution, excerpted from a speech he delivered at Philadelphia's Independence Hall. Doctorow celebrates the Constitution's fluid character and the foresight of its creators, and argues that "something unprecedented and noble was created in Philadelphia"—a document that endures despite the "deconstructionist" ambitions of the Reagan Administration. A thorough and invaluable evaluation of the Constitution's history. (February 21, 1987)

Students on the Move

An invigorating look at today's college activism. Contributors include students involved in the nationwide struggle for racial and sexual equality, and divestment, and the growth of a new counterculture. With an essay by Alexander Cockburn. (March 26, 1988)

Facing South Africa

In this realistic assessment of the struggle for liberation, Andrew Kopkind explores the brutal banalities of the South African system. Using interviews gathered during a journey through the region, he presents readers with a wide-angle view of a society in ferment and leaves no doubt as to the situation's volcanic potential. This issue's importance is reinforced by the recent changes in South Africa, including Nelson Mandela's release, the unbanning of the African National Congress and Namibia's independence. (November 22, 1986)

K.A.L. 007:

What the U.S. Knew and When We Knew It

This issue raises serious questions about the U.S. role in the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. David Pearson's study argues that U.S. authorities at the highest level knew the airliner was off course much earlier than they have admitted and that the questions raised by the official versions of the story can only be resolved by a Congressional inquiry. (August 18/25, 1984)

K.A.L. 007: Unanswered Questions

This issue updates the ground-breaking K.A.L. story from the year before. David Pearson, John Keppel and David Corn analyze new Japanese radar data, examine a Nation Institute-sponsored review, by aviation experts, of the final airliner transmission and describe the government's efforts to obstruct investigation. (August 17/24, 1985)

Central America

Appearing just after the controversial Kissinger report in January 1984, the special issue on Central America offered a strong refutation of the Administration's views. The arguments still hold. Highlighted by Walter LaFeber's overview, William LeoGrande's analysis of the domestic political fallout and Peter Davis's compelling firsthand report on the Nicaraguan revolution, the issue is important and informative. (January 28, 1984)

Remembering Carey McWilliams

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frustrated in finding acting jobs, he says, "I started to write things that I could perform in. . . . At first, when I wrote in a very fragmented, automatic way, only I knew what the story was. But there was something in the way that it was performed that made it interesting to watch. It's more narrative now. There're more commas and periods than there used to be." These revelations come from a publicity profile in *The Village Voice* intended to ballyhoo Greenspan's genius, and it was followed the next week by a rave from Michael Feingold, the theatrical avant-garde's prophet-in-residence. With an expertise born of long practice, he praised the play's every callowness as a stroke of genius and aimed this preemptive strike against would-be critics: "It [the play] speaks as easily to the untutored as to the intellectual; only middlebrows who come in hedged about with preconceptions and pretensions will miss out on the fun."

I would propose, as an alternative, that *only* the untutored could accept Greenspan's "multitudinous cross-cultural references" (quoting Feingold) at face value

and that only pseudo-intellectuals could mistake Greenspan's inept homages to Gertrude Stein, Dante and Greek mythology as possessing any merit, even as burlesque. As a writer of dialogue, Greenspan is tone-deaf to any voice but his own. His take on the Greeks amounts to no more than a campy giggle; doubtless he would stage Sophocles in the same sophomorically debunking manner in which he handled Chikamatsu, as who would say, "Weren't they all a lot of patriarchal sillies?"

What remains of *Dead Mother*, when the cross-cultural flab is pared away, is about forty minutes of absurdist farce, featuring Greenspan in a gaga drag act performed with no change of costume other than the addition of a strand of pearls. The premise of the plot is that "Character 1" (Greenspan), at the insistence of his brother, has assumed the character of his dead mother, whom the brother's fiancée demands to meet before she marries. This is not Character 1's first such imposture; earlier, while his mother was still alive, he'd taken her place in his father's bed in order to persuade him to

approve of his own proposed marriage of convenience (he's gay and hopes to hide it) to Character 3. At the end of Act I, the father appears unexpectedly and confronts Character 1 in the pose of his deceased wife. Curtain.

There follow, before the intermission, two interpolated plays—the Greek spoof and a monologue designed to be a test of patience. After intermission, it is all downhill, as we discover that Greenspan, just as he'd declared in the *Voice*, has no narrative stamina and can't do anything more with the situation he's created, in lieu of which we must sit through a pseudo-Dantean diatribe delivered by the spirit of Alice B. Toklas, who speaks, as so often is the case with channeled spirits, in exactly the exasperated accents of the author. She/He denounces Edmund Bergler and other psychotherapists who view homosexuality as an aberration. After that dead horse has been soundly flogged, we return to the main story, which now has lost all its steam. At this nadir, a very incapable young actress, Terra Vandergaw, enters costumed as a whale and spouts a monologue in that imitable manner the author himself has summed up, in his play and in the *Voice*, better than I can hope to: "Abandon here all hope [quoting his play] who enter of direct parallels and precise correlations. What you see is an amorphous mass; the mystery won't be satisfactorily reconstructed.' And I'm probably saying the same thing to you ultimately. I'll remain mysterious, in that sense, because . . . well, because I will."

Amorphous, yes, but—mysterious? That's wishful thinking, as is the Public Theater's expectation that it can palm off such piffle as somehow the equivalent of earlier modernist successes of scandal and esteem. "I want David here," Joseph Papp told the *Voice*, "because we need theaters that do this, plays that are not going to be universally accepted. He represents the best kind of Off-Off-Broadway thinking, which means that it will shock people. . . . He has the capacity to make you sit there and accept it and even admire it, and then after a while to be amazed at its potency. And once you get used to him as a writer, you sort of float in it."

Just the metaphor I had in mind, but no thanks.

The supply of such goods has come greatly to exceed the demand, as even their promoters reluctantly testify. Such plays, Papp remarks, don't "set out to satisfy

THE WELLHOUSE

It stays with me, our first dawn at the old house. Salted with dreams you called me down to see the moonlit fog buoy an ancient tree. You liked that silent linkage; liked too the way the darkness seemed so willing to yield up the earth to us. What caught my eye was the wellhouse, its damp roof tiles sparkling in the cloud-cut blush of coming day.

I can see it now: almost all roof, it looked like a homunculus's long vacant dwelling half-consumed by the ground in the last rainstorm. You said that we should rip it down and fill the well, for fear the kids would pry open the chipped creaking door—about their size—and fall. I bolted it shut; the house remained; and I—do you recall?—

pulled out some shrubbery so we could see the blazing vermilion roof on rising. And remember how you spotted me one morning, staring at the wellhouse, transfixed, all but blind to you—and you then uttering one familiar word, restoring me to where I had been, and where I wished to be.

Robert Richman

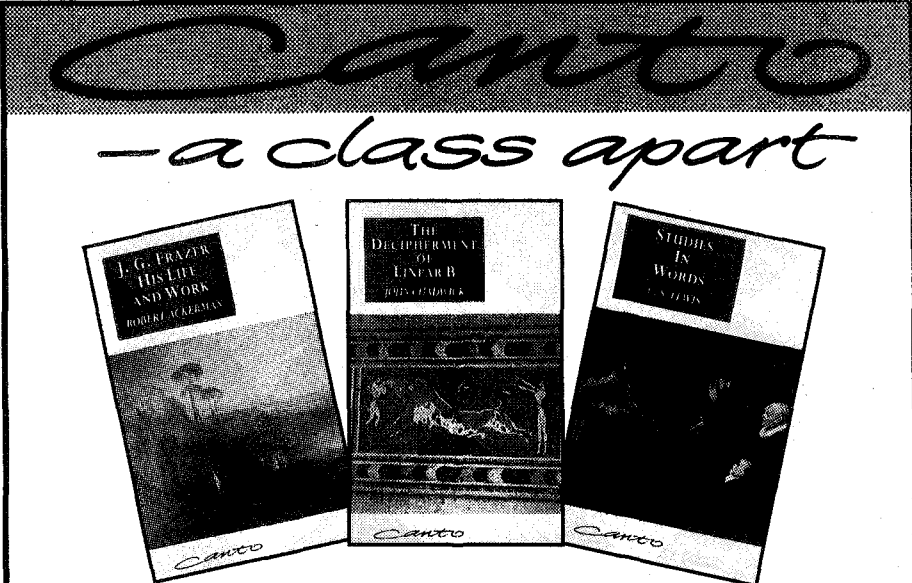
a middle-class audience," that is, people willing to spend real money for tickets. Feingold, too, has seen the handwriting on the wall, for he broadcast this S.O.S. at the close of his review: "At the moment, *Dead Mother* is only scheduled to play through February 10. All together now, intelligentsia, line up at the box office and make Joe Papp extend this show. That is, unless you're content to let our theater shrivel and die at the complacent hands of *The New York Times*, which compared Greenspan to Richard Wagner."

In the event, the complacent hands have triumphed and *Dead Mother* fizzled to a close precisely as scheduled.

It's not as though there weren't still good writers turning out plays that people of normative intelligence would applaud without the coercive, like-this-or-else tactics of avant-garde ideologues. Since *The Sorrows of Frederick* in 1966, Romulus Linney has been writing plays at a steady clip (twenty of them, according to a press release), as remarkable for their variety as for their consistent wit, intelligence and humanity. Though he is widely regarded as one of the best playwrights in America, the Public Theater has never put on one of his plays. New Yorkers can see his work, if at all, in the most exigent productions at the most peripheral venues, often in stagings imported from regional theaters, where Linney is valued at something like his worth.

Unchanging Love, his latest play to reach New York, is being produced by the Triangle Theater Company at the Church of the Holy Trinity at 316 East 88th Street. The play premiered in spring 1989 at the Milwaukee Repertory Theater, and the director of that production, John Dillon, here directs again, with a predominantly new cast. As often before, Linney's play has attracted a caliber of acting talent much out of proportion to an evidently stringent production budget. Doubtless this is because Linney creates the kind of roles in which actors shine.

The plot, adopted from Chekhov's story "In the Hollow," concerns the tragic marriage of Judy Musgrove, the daughter of poor white sharecroppers, to Shelby Pitman, the ne'er-do-well son of a small-town patriarch and extortionate shopkeeper. The Pitman clan resembles two other infamous Southern families, the Hubbards of Hellman's *The Little Foxes* and Big Daddy's bunch in Williams's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Greed and mendacity



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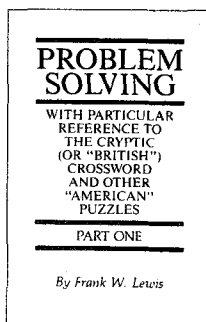
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rule the roost, but with a Linneyan difference: Even the worst of the Pitmans—even the calculating daughter-in-law, Leena—has a sympathetic nature. Any of them could choose the good; indeed, until the tragic climax it seems that good may actually prevail. This conduces not only to suspense and dramatic tension but to a sense that Linney's characters, like Chekhov's, from whom he has inherited them, have the ethical complexity of real people, undeformed by the writer's personal or political agenda.

Credit where it is due: Tom McDermott, who debuted on Broadway in Katherine Cornell's production of *The Three Sisters* in 1942, plays the patriarch of the clan, a meanspirited old man whose normal middle-class vices are being eroded by senility; Jacqueline Knapp plays his much younger wife, a poor woman who's married into the clan for the sake of a better diet. Gordon Jones and Elisabeth Corley, as the hillbilly parents of Judy, the sacrificial bride, seem to have been translated to the stage directly from the pages of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*; the three of them also make beautiful a cappella music together. T. Cat Ford as Leena is mesmerically villainous, in part, perhaps, because she seems a doppelgänger, in this case of Joyce Carol Oates. Jennifer Parsons in the central role of Judy has the toughest job, since Judy is a heroine of almost Lillian Gish-ish virtue. If she finally seems just too good to be true, the fault may inhere in the script or direction, and it is easy to overlook.

Scott Sowers, as the feckless bridegroom, Shelby, may be the most vivid presence in the show, since his voice seems to be perfectly tuned to the twangs and cadences of Linney's country music. The program notes that Sowers has worked on several other Linney productions and that he is a founding member of the Signature Theatre Company, which hopes to produce a full season of Linney's plays in New York in the near future. And about time.

At last word, the run of *Unchanging Love* had been extended until at least March 3. Check with the box office: 860-7245. Tickets are only \$12 (\$7, if you belong to TDF); there's not a better theatrical bargain in town. □

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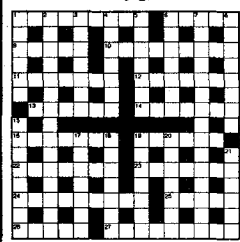
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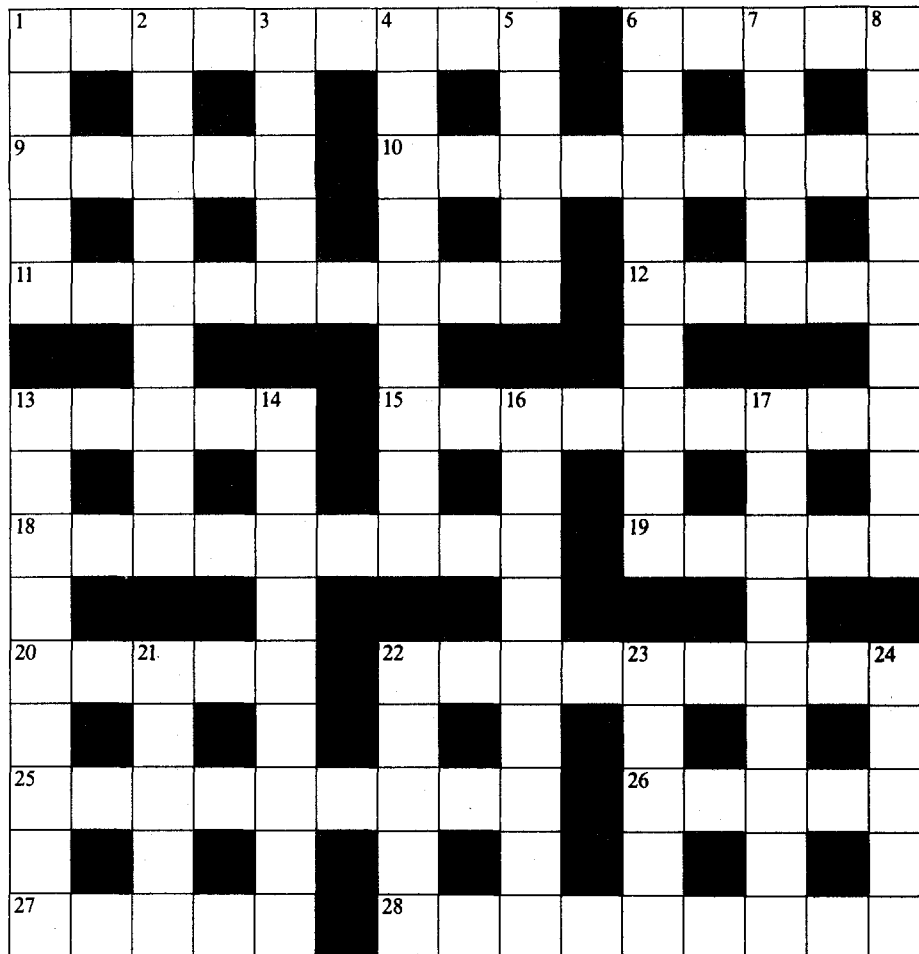
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S	A	U	A					I	A	A				U	
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E	L	E	C	T	E	D		L	E	T	T	E	R	S	

Crossword Puzzle No. 2328

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 6 As the saying goes, if you put in a ringer, one is bound to be in good shape! (2,5,2,1,4)
- 9 Formation of the Loire from which one could look out. (5)
- 10 Quaker, like one that writes on the page, perhaps. (5,4)
- 11 The state of being old hat but at least she goes out in such condition. (9)
- 12 Perhaps 22 down on my side, if unpleasant. (5)
- 13 Could they be the least of Chaucer's output? (5)
- 15 Nickname, like one version of the barbecue fuel. (9)
- 18 Fair exchanges, considering the options. (Fastened for a change, too.) (5-4)
- 19 Was someone like Koussevitzky responsible for such material . . . (5)
- 20 . . . with the output of the composer being large? (5)
- 22 Let in the part responsible for flying or having fun in the mud. (9)
- 25 You can't say there's nothing stupid about someone who would marry Pa if that's the expression! (9)
- 26 It's all yours, as they used to say when seeing Beth in Elizabeth. (5)
- 27 It might describe the spirit of the Spanish swimmer, in part. (5)
- 28 Pays for lodging around that tricky part of the month with other people who live there. (9)

DOWN

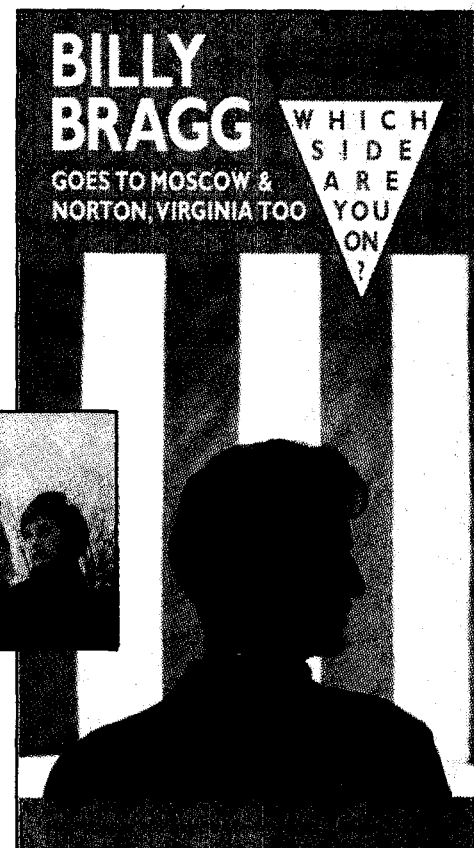
- 1 and 13 down That's enough, as some say and good advice! (1,4,2,3,4)
- 2 Call it sin, if you will, at least a spark of it. (9)
- 3 Were the people now in "Just for a handful of silver he left us"? (5)
- 4 and 22 down Painters of seascapes, or those that go with hewers of wood? (Is the bureau flooded?) (7,2,5)
- 5 Short months for the clans, obviously. (5)
- 6 They may not profess to know, but coasting's what they seem to be. (9)
- 7 Accumulation of fluid in tissue caused emaciation, in part. (5)
- 8 Part of the scale is wrapped up in a baby's outfit, which is good enough for the Revolutionary hero. (9)
- 13 See 1 down
- 14 Wagner told him to leave his watch, so points a person in the right direction. (9)
- 16 Magnificent churches made of things that occur in such as quartz, in some degrees. (9)
- 17 One might be causing a little story in the U.S.S.R. and in a Major country a downpour on the Scotsman. (9)
- 21 It couldn't drive away old dog Tray. (5)
- 22 See 4
- 23 Chose to make a wreck out of the depot. (5)
- 24 An educated one may be very close. (5)

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